

PITT: THE PANTHERS ARE TRULY GOLDEN

THE OAKLAND RAIDERS: CAN THEY BECOME SUPER AGAIN?

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 26, 1981 \$1.50

SWINGING INTO THE SERIES

**Yankee Slugger
Graig Nettles**



1981 U.S. GOV'T REPORT:

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS TENN

Carlton Scores Best In Cigarette Testing

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Carlton king-size filter cigarette sold in a hard pack had the lowest tar, nicotine and cost of any cigarette tested.

Carlton
AIR-STREAM FILTER

Analyses of samples of Carlton cigarettes were periodically performed during the test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged:



"TAR"..... LESS THAN 0.01 MG
NICOTINE.....0.002 MG

CARLTON IS LOWEST.

Today's Carlton has even less tar than the version tested for the Government's 1981 Report. Despite new low tar brands introduced since—Carlton still lowest.

Box—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

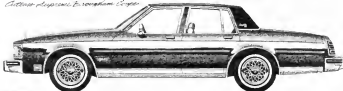
Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Packs: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Diesels. How did Oldsmobile make them so popular? By introducing them to popular cars.



Cutlass Supreme Brougham Coupe



Delta 88 Royale Brougham Sedan

In 1977, Oldsmobile made an innovative move. They introduced the first American cars with available diesel V8 power. Now, with over 387,000 diesel Oldsmobiles on the road, Oldsmobile is the number one seller of diesels in America, and diesel Oldsmobile popularity keeps growing.

A new diesel V6 for 1982.

The number of diesel engines available in Oldsmobiles is growing, too. In addition to the diesel V8, a new diesel V6 is now available for 1982 Cutlass Supreme Coupe and Sedan models to offer a great combination of high mileage and high style.

Altogether, more diesel-powered Oldsmobiles will be sold in the next year than in any year in the past. But, it isn't just because there will be so many diesel Oldsmobile models to choose from. Or even because of the impressive diesel engineering

advances, like the Fast-Start Glow Plug System, roller hydraulic lifters and the inherent smoothness of the V-type design.

It's because diesel Oldsmobiles offer some very basic and important things people want.

Impressive fuel economy.

Diesel Oldsmobiles offer comparable fuel economy to that of many smaller cars and a cruising range few can match. All on diesel fuel which is traditionally less expensive than unleaded gasoline.

Added value at resale.

While it may vary by geographic location, many used car guides indicate that current resale prices, averaged out, show a substantial recovery of the original cost of the diesel option.

Room. Comfort. And style.

We could get more technical. But let's face it. What really counts is

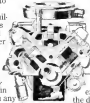
what a diesel does. Not what it is. And what a diesel does in an Oldsmobile is to give you roomy, comfortable and stylish alternatives to the proposition of making very practical choices. So that even today, there's still room to do it with style.



Diesel mileage estimates.

MODELS	Fuel Tank Cap	Est. Hwy. Mileage	Est. City Mileage	EPA Est. MPG
Cutlass Supreme (V6)	19.8	36	712	25 495
Cutlass Supreme (V8)	19.8	34	673	23 455
Cutlass Cruiser (V8)	18.2	34	618	23 418
Delta 88 (V8)	26.0	34	884	23 528
Ninety-Eight (V8)	26.0	33	858	22 512
Custom Cruiser (V8)	22.0	33	726	22 484
Toronado (V8)	22.8	36	820	21 478

(Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage and range shown. Range estimates are obtained by multiplying EPA estimates by the standard fuel tank capacity listed. Some estimates based on fuel. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details. This mileage projection is for 1982 models. EPA mileage estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates.



1982 Oldsmobile Diesel V6

America's number one seller of diesel cars.





Life Insurance...



Should you
'rent' it
or 'own' it?

Deciding what type of life insurance you need can be compared to deciding whether to rent an apartment or own a home. This comparison can help you understand the different benefits the two basic types of insurance can provide and how Metropolitan's new **Whole Life *Plus*** policy may be the answer for you.

Term Insurance Is Like Renting

Both an apartment lease and a term policy last for a set period. Renting an apartment is often the only affordable choice for some. So too, term insurance can initially provide much more coverage per premium dollar than whole life. Like most rents, however, the premiums on term increase with each renewal. Also, as an apartment renter doesn't build up equity, a term policy doesn't build up cash value.

Whole Life Insurance Is Like Owning

Both a home you own and a whole life policy can protect you for your entire life if you want. And just as a home owner makes equal payments with a conventional mortgage, the owner of a whole life policy pays the same premium each year. Further, the cash value builds up in a whole life policy in much the same way as equity in the home does from making mortgage payments.

Which Type of Life Insurance Is For You?

The answer depends on your needs and preferences. If your needs are high, but your budget is limited, term insurance may be the answer. Or you may prefer the permanence, fixed premiums and cash value of whole life, but feel you really can't afford this type of protection.

Now there's an answer to this dilemma — **Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy**. It's like putting an addition on your house at no extra cost.

Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy can give you the whole life benefits you need—at a surprisingly low premium.

Depending on your age, Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy lets you buy **up to one-third more** whole life coverage than we offered before for the same premium payment. It's like building a sizeable addition on the cozy traditional whole life house — with no extra payment! Metropolitan is offering the Whole Life *Plus* Policy for coverage amounts of \$25,000 or more and you'll probably be surprised at how much coverage you can now afford.

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3-92

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Bob Ottum is dapper. Few people in this world fit the term as well. Ottum is neat and trim, spruce and stylish, alert and lively—all Webster definitions of the word. Ottum not only looks dapper when he wears a blue blazer, gray flannels, white shirt and yellow-and-blue pinstriped tie, pocket foulard and black tasseled loafers, he is also dapper when he wears an old turtleneck and well-scrubbed jeans with the blue blazer. Ottum has four blue blazers, if you're counting.

Ottum is also one mighty fine writer. Check his piece on Fred Lebow, the running impresario, on page 44. Ottum runs a bit himself, having taken up the sport three years ago. Last May he entered and finished his first marathon. It took him a while to finish his wife, Joyce is superb portrait painter, by the

mustered out of the Navy following World War II, during which he'd served on a troop transport in the New Guinea campaign, among others. He'd never written a line of sports copy. He didn't think we knew that when we offered him a staff writer's job, but we did. We also knew how well he wrote about people, and knew he could write just as well about people in sports as he did about people in business, politics or the arts. In his 17 years with us, he's been one of the most versatile writers on our staff, covering figures in every major sport and most of the minors—boxing, baseball, pro and college football, pro and college basketball, auto racing, all the winter sports, sailing, powerboating. Somehow he missed thoroughbred racing, but he did hit trotting. Some more geography: He's filed stories to us from Mexico, Romania, Japan, Zaire, France, England, Chile, Hawaii, Canada and the salt flats of Utah. Have we missed a continent here? Australia. Well, he was there during the war.

Not idle, ever, Ottum is also one of the many SI staffers who write books; his contributions include four novels and two works of non-fiction. His third novel, *The Tuesday Blade*, scored the daylight out of everyone who read it and will soon be made into a movie, to frighten an even wider audience.

All this would seem to add up to a fair enough writing career, but Ottum would trade every book, every feature, deadline story and profile for one song lyric in the class of his idol, the late Johnny Mercer. He will deliver golden Mercer lines all night in the throbbing voice and plaintive tones of the devout believer. At this very moment, if not writing, running or achieving even greater dapperness, Ottum is probably sitting by his stereo, vodka Gibson flavored with his own peppery pickled onions in hand, listening to the lyrics of the mister and wallowing in a mess of unwarranted envy.



OTTUM: HE'S A MAN WHO GETS AROUND

way), watched nearly everyone in the field of 4,000 check in, and then came Bob. But he did it.

Ottum was born in Duluth, met and married Joyce in San Francisco, lives in Port Washington, N.Y., has a condo in Key West and calls Salt Lake City home. When we first heard about him and got interested in his writing, he was the executive news editor of the Salt Lake Tribune. He'd talked his way into a reporter's job on the paper after being

Philip H. Harts



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PERSPECTIVE

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

ALL SPORTS ENTERPRISE RADIO WAS AN ARTISTIC WINNER AND FINANCIAL LOSER

After almost nine months of round-the-clock sports programming, Enterprise Radio, the brainchild of the father-and-son team that started the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network (ESPN), ceased operations in late September. The network had hoped to become the ESPN of audio, though unlike its TV counterpart, Enterprise Radio started out by emphasizing sports talk and news updates over play-by-play coverage, which it had planned for later. Its centerpiece was an all-night national call-in talk show: Four different hosts escorted most of the network's 60 affiliates through some 13 hours of second-guessing and pontificating. It was an artistic success. The Sports Talk Show usually transcended the parochial drivel in which local phone-in shows often become bogged down, while attracting the sort of fanatical callers that give such shows their color. (A guy named Bob from Kenosha, Wis., was able to get through almost every night.)

And being on the air 24 hours a day gave the network the same immediacy as the wire services. It broke the news of the retirement of New England Tight End Russ Francis, of Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan's decision to intervene in the baseball strike negotiations and of the existence of a blacklist of tennis players who had competed in South Africa.

Enterprise Radio relied on its plexus of correspondents around the country for scoops like those, but most of the network's programming originated from Avon, Conn., where a 4½-meter-wide dish beamed the signal to a satellite.

Trouble was that the network sometimes strayed too far from that dish—for example, it moved its entire operation to Syracuse, N.Y. for a week in July to cover the National Sports Festival—and the high cost of such remote operations, along with an inability to crack major markets and solve some old-fashioned cash-flow problems, did the project in. In the end, the failure of founder Scott Rasmussen and his father, Bill, to find a corporate angel—like Getty Oil, whose capital helped get ESPN off the ground—doomed a noble effort.

END

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THE GREAT



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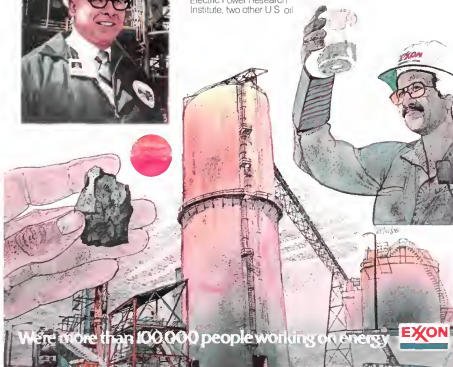
America has more energy in coal than the Middle East has in oil. For many uses, however, the coal must be turned into a liquid. Bob Payne is using his 30 years of experience in petroleum refining to do something about that. He manages a test plant that's finding better ways to turn American coal into liquid products we can use in industry, homes and transportation.

The test program will cost \$350 million. In addition to Exxon, it's funded by the U.S. Department of Energy, the Electric Power Research Institute, two other U.S. oil

companies and companies from Japan, Germany and Italy.

The test plant uses the Exxon Donor Solvent Process which works on many different kinds of coal. It turns 250 tons of coal a day into a liquid that's a substitute for products made from natural crude oil.

Bob Payne and the scores of Exxon people at the test plant know their work is important, because coal is an alternative to foreign oil. It's one more way to produce energy in America, for America.



We're more than 100,000 people working on energy

EXXON

Shopwalk

by RICHARD ROGIN

USING THIS NEW RUNNER'S WATCH IS LIKE STRAPPING A COACH TO YOUR ARM

The Casio J-100 is heralded as the Coach, the Jogging Computer, the Pace Runner or the semi-ultimate watch "for this week," according to an upbeat executive at Casio Inc., the American subsidiary of the giant (\$750 million worldwide sales in watches, calculators, computers and electronic musical instruments) Tokyo-based Casio Computer Company. The J-100, which hit the U.S. market last month, is the latest in what the trade no longer even calls watches but "adult toys." Its price: a temptingly reasonable \$49.95.

So this fall thousands of Americans will strap on a 20-button, one-ounce, shiny black plastic J-100, a gadget that does almost everything but talk.

Casio leads the digital-watch field in innovative features, what insiders term "the bells and whistles" of the watch biz. Joseph Hudak, Casio's U.S. sales manager, timepiece division, expects to sell five million watches in the U.S. alone this year, double 1980's sales and what he claims is a commanding 20% share (by volume) of the American digital-watch market. Timex, however, disputes Casio's claim and says it dominates the domestic digital market with a 31.5% share.

Attempting to assess the secretive and controversial American watch market with precision, especially the booming digital segment, is risky, but Joe Thompson, the well-respected senior editor of *Jewelers' Circular-Keystone*, a trade publication, says, "The battle is between Timex and Casio. I would say Casio is winning it. The momentum is certainly Casio's."

In any event, the bargain digitals leave the higher-priced competition spluttering disparagingly about "funny watches" and "the semi-disposable watch market."

The J-100 is Casio's fourth generation of the so-called jogging watches, which were introduced with the now prehistoric F-100 more than three years ago, and the third generation of its calculator watches.

The capabilities of the J-100 provide an effortlessly rich mathematical exegesis of the run, especially to those who can push all the buttons without referring each time to the instruction booklet.

continued



KENTS
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To list some of the "bells and whistles," it is best to echo the advertising copy. The J-100 tells time, of course, in 12- and 24-hour formats, has a beeping alarm, shows the day, month and date until the year 2003, has a four-function calculator with an eight-digit LCD (liquid crystal display) readout and a 24-hour stopwatch that can record lap and first- and second-place times to the 100th of a second, with a micro-light to see it all in the dark.

But its special feature is the jogging computer. It works this way: You enter your standard stride in feet and inches or meters and centimeters, choose a pace from 69 levels ("One is faster than a speeding bullet," says Hudak. "Sixty-nine is almost like death") and set off on your run. A beep sounds when your foot should be hitting the ground. If you're not in synch, you can change your programmed pace—faster or slower—as you move along. And when you're through, the J-100 will supposedly tell you exactly how far you've run in miles or meters, how fast you went in miles or kilometers per hour, how long you've been running and how many steps you took. You can also check your distance and tempo at any point along the way.

Some of this information is quite irrelevant, though possibly interesting, such as the number of steps and your kph speed. And to the American jogger, one very pertinent number will not flash on automatically but must be worked out on the calculator: your time in minutes per mile, the cherished goal of averaging a six- or eight-minute pace for a run. Finally, since all this computation is based on a set stride length, there is a chance here for considerable error because a typical runner's stride shortens on the uphill and with fatigue.

Two silver oxide batteries (at up to \$4.95 each) run the whole dazzling show and need to be replaced about once a year. In the LCD watch world, a six-month-old model is considered primitive. Says Hudak, "You'll find a lot of people that after a year, when the battery runs out, are ready for the new model."

Are the generations of LCDs too much, too soon? After all, some of us are inexorably slowing down, and who wants to know that unforgiving information every step of the way? Unless, perhaps, next year's Son of J-100 will tell you, as you pant along, that "you're looking good," or some other reassuring nonsense. **END**



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1982 Mazda GLC. Just one look and you

The more you look at the finest economy cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda GLC.

The Mazda GLC and the VW Rabbit are similar in many important ways. But it doesn't take long to realize that there's one essential difference between these two outstanding economy cars.



The GLC is an outstanding value.

It's also an outstanding piece of engineering. When Mazda engineers first designed the GLC, they were free to analyze existing front-wheel-drive technology. And they were free to improve it in virtually every area.

The result is a car with handling, quickness and comfort that comes as a pleasant surprise to those accustomed to driving other front-wheel-drive automobiles. In plainest terms, it is an economy car that is fun to drive.

To be certain, the GLC doesn't ignore its major mission: fuel economy.

44 34

EST mpg city EST mpg In sum, the GLC was designed from scratch to represent the state of the art in front-wheel-drive technology. And fulfilling this goal was a remarkable accomplishment.

But the Mazda GLC is something rarer still: an economy car designed to stir the soul of its owner.

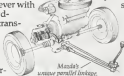
STATE-OF-THE-ART FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE. Mazda's front-wheel-drive setup is unique in many ways. For example, our engineers dealt with a problem encountered in many front-wheel-drive cars: rubbery and imprecise gear shifting. This troublesome characteristic is due to the long

shift linkage required to connect the driver's gearshift lever with the forward-mounted transmission.

The solution was a unique parallel linkage system in which the shift

linkage rod is stabilized by a second rod situated above it.

This design makes running through the gears a series of sure, crisp throws.



EXCLUSIVE SUSPENSION DESIGN AIDS HANDLING.

When the wheels of a car are subjected to a rearward force—when you go over a bump, for example—they tend to toe out. Such a change interferes with the car's stability.

The rear suspension of the Mazda GLC in-

cludes a patented Twin Link design whose geometry counteracts this effect. Instead of toeing out, the rear wheels of the GLC remain in a neutral position to help hold the car on track.

The GLC's superb handling characteristics are demonstrated by

the scores it achieved in two important tests, the skidpad and the slalom course.

On the skidpad, it withstood a lateral force of .729g, and through the slalom it reached a speed of 56.2 mph.

Skidpad measures lateral g force.



...its outstanding value versus VW Rabbit.

PERFORMANCE THAT MAY SURPRISE YOU.

The Mazda GLC is powered by a transverse-mounted, overhead cam, 4-cylinder, 1.5 litre engine. An advanced design engine with hemispherical combustion chambers

and high swirl intake porting for efficient combustion. Put it together with

the GLC's smooth shifting action, and you have the kind of acceleration that makes this economy car a lot of fun to drive.



EXCELLENT RESALE VALUE.

If you're looking for a car with high resale value, consider the history of the Mazda GLC. It has consistently ranked among the leaders in its class. For example, the 1979 GLC 3-Door Hatchback has retained 93% of its

1979 MODEL	RETAINED VALUE		
	80%	90%	100%
Mazda GLC Hatchback			93.0%
VW Rabbit Hatchback			93.0%
Toyota Corolla 2 Dr Sedan			89.0%
Honda Civic 1200 Hatchback			88.1%

original suggested retail price, according to the Kelley Blue Book, July-August 1981.

GLC CUSTOM COMES EXTREMELY WELL EQUIPPED.

• 1.5 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine • Rack-and-pinion steering



• Split fold-down rear seat backs
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• Tinted glass • Reclining front bucket seats
• All this and more.

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ONE OF THE ROOMIEST CARS IN ITS CLASS.

For a car with modest dimensions on the outside, the GLC is extremely roomy on the inside.

You'll be pleasantly surprised at the generous amounts of head, leg, and shoulder room provided by the GLC. Even the rear seat, a notably cramped area in many economy cars, is unusually accommodating.

The cargo area contains over 9½ cubic feet of space. And with the rear seats folded down, it expands to 27.7 cubic feet. Outstanding for a car this size.

You can even carry skis and other extra-long objects inside the GLC.



The GLC also has a larger window area than most of its competitors.

This makes it easier for passengers to appreciate the passing scenery. And, more important, the size of the windows gives the driver 330° visibility.

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GLC Custom 3-door with 4-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GLC Custom 3-door. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '82 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

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SoundScapes
Panasonic
High Fidelity Systems



SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

MAJORING IN SPORTS AT ARIZONA

The *Arizona Daily Star* recently reported that 27 University of Arizona football players and nine members of last season's basketball team had remained eligible for intercollegiate sports even though they were on academic probation at the end of the spring semester. The Tucson newspaper said that on a 4.0-point scale, all 36 athletes had less than a 2.0-point, or C, cumulative grade-point average so far in their college careers. One basketball player reportedly had a 0.3913 overall average, roughly a D minus, and one football player had a 0.3158. Such grades would mean that those athletes had failed more courses than they'd passed. The *Daily Star* said that the grades of some of the athletes would have warranted expulsion from school had officials been so inclined—which they clearly were not.

The shockingly low grades reported by the newspaper raised the question of how strictly Arizona had enforced Pac-10 regulations specifying that athletes must receive passing grades in at least 24 semester units each year. Although Arizona officials tried to intamate that the stories were inaccurate, they failed to dispel the impression that the school had been extraordinarily lax in the matter of academic eligibility. Moreover, several of them responded to the startling evidence that their athletes had been coddled academically by suggesting, in effect, that those athletes be accorded even more special treatment in the form of a proposed new curriculum designed to prepare them for a career in sports. The program, in which a degree might be offered, would provide aspiring professional athletes courses in contract negotiations and how to select an agent and would also provide training toward careers in coaching and sports administration.

The main force behind the proposal was Thomas Chandler, president of the Arizona Board of Regents, which governs all three state universities—Arizona, Arizona State and Northern Arizona. Chandler expressed the belief to SI's Jill

Lieber that some Wildcat athletes had faltered in the classroom because "we as educators haven't been practical enough in recognizing their area of interest. Suppose an athlete is enrolled in Chinese Mythology but is deficient in writing, math and oral skills. He should be taking English 141, Public Speaking 142 and Math 143 and be working toward a degree in, say, SID [sports-information director] work, sportscasting, athletic training or coaching." Chandler added: "The course of study would not be fluff stuff. It would be a course of substance." Chandler's scheme won support from University of Arizona President John P. Schaefer, who noted that many colleges prepared gifted artists and actors for careers. He added, "Society has not come to accept the fact that some people have great physical talent and they're trying to parlay that into a professional career in athletics."

There is reason to question the avowed objectives of the proposed sports curriculum. Over the past decade the University of Arizona has seen perhaps 1,000 varsity athletes come and go, but only a score of them are now playing professional golf, football, basketball and big-league baseball. Jobs in coaching and sports administration are almost as tight. They presumably call for better-than-average verbal and other academic skills and are frequently filled by non-athletes, few of whom ever were D-minus students. In other words, although a sports curriculum might be tailored to athletes' "interests," it wouldn't necessarily be suited to their talents. It would simply perpetuate among high school and college athletes the already pervasive misconception that they will be able to make a living in sports, a notion that prevents them from acquiring a meaningful education or job skills they can actually use.

In their desire to attract and keep talented football and basketball players, Arizona authorities seem unwilling to weed out athletes incapable of doing college work, with the result that those athletes

tend to be academic misfits. Revealingly, Chandler defended his proposal by arguing that athletes are "awfully important to us," an importance reflected, he said, in the "way we go out and recruit them to entertain for us." But the most telling remark was one uttered by another advocate of the sports-curriculum idea, Arizona's athletic academic advisor, Don Winters, who said, "We recognize the farce of putting some of our kids into regular classes with regular students."

HIGHEST COURT IN THE LAND

Like other sedentary folk, the people who deal with the U.S. Supreme Court's staggering case load—secretaries and clerks, as well as the Justices—need their exercise. Not content with the workout derived from ascending the 53 broad steps leading to the colonnaded Supreme Court Building or, indeed, from negotiating the corridors of that block-square edifice, court personnel field two coed softball teams in local leagues for federal employees. One team is drawn from the



ranks of the court's 80-member police force, the other from among law clerks, secretaries and messengers. The nine Justices have evinced no interest in entering the league as an entity, which is probably just as well. For one thing, softball teams are made up of 10 players. Besides, where would one find an umpire so bold as to rule against them?

But the Justices don't just ride the bench, either. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger goes in for horseback riding. John Paul Stevens is an avid tennis player and small-plane pilot and other Justices let

continued



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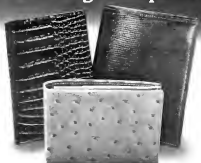
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SCORECARD CONTINUED

off steam playing basketball in the Supreme Court Building's fifth-floor mini-gym, which is known as the Highest Court in the Land. One rabid hoopster is Byron (Whizzer) White, an All-America football halfback at Colorado who at 67 is a spirited participant in pickup games. In a game a few years ago, White accidentally stepped on and broke the foot of one of Justice Potter Stewart's clerks.

Another habitué of the gym is Sandra Day O'Connor, who has assumed the retired Stewart's seat on the Court. An athletic woman who golfs, skis, plays tennis and rides horses and whose 24-year-old son, Scott, was a member of a Stanford 400-yard freestyle relay team that placed sixth in the 1977 NCAA swimming championships, O'Connor has joined 15 other women, mostly secretaries and clerks, in an exercise class held in the gym daily at 8 a.m. Pleading privacy, Barron McGuire, the Court's public information officer, has turned down requests by TV crews to film the class. All McGuire will say is that the half-hour course is taught by a visiting YWCA instructor, who tries to make sure that participants are as judicious about their weight as they are about minding the scales of justice.

HE LOOKED LIKE A GALLOPING GHOST

Dave Butz, the Washington Redskins' 6' 7", 295-pound defensive tackle, is one of those NFL hulks who are more accustomed to sitting on folks than running with the ball, but on Oct. 11, during a 24-7 victory over the Chicago Bears that put the Redskins into the win column after five straight defeats, Butz got a rare chance to make like O.J. The big moment came after he intercepted a Vince Evans pass on the Bears' 27-yard line and began lumbering toward the goal line, an experience he later recounted in a succession of one-liners:

"I almost expected to get pulled for delay of game."

"The field got very long."

"I was trying to push the air behind me. I needed all the help I could get."

Recalling the shadow of the Bears' Dan Neal looming alongside him at about the 10-yard line: "I thought, 'Thank God. That means I'm moving.'"

On the fact that Neal tackled him at the one-yard line: "I'm a team player. I want to let the offense take it in."

When John Riggins punched over for a Washington touchdown two plays after

continued

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the interception. Butz was safely on the bench, recovering from an ordeal of which he said, in summation, "I felt like I was running through time zones."

TAPPING A NEW MARKET

The 1981 World Series is the latest sports event to be "closed captioned" for TV, a process by which the audio portion of regularly scheduled television furc is "translated" into subtitles flashed on the screen for the benefit of deaf and other hearing-impaired viewers. Visible only on TV sets equipped with special decoding devices, the captions are prepared by the non-profit National Captioning Institute in Falls Church, Va. for a growing number of taped programs on NBC, ABC, PBS and independent stations. In the case of live sports coverage, captions consist of game-situation information—e.g., balls and strikes in baseball, downs and yards-to-go in football.

Events that have already been closed captioned include this year's Sugar Bowl, the Super Bowl and selected regular-season NFL games. Though the captions are designed primarily for fans with hearing problems, the National Captioning Institute is also trying to interest bar owners in using the service as a way of helping patrons get essential information despite the din of the crowd. Another new and potentially large market is suggested by a hearing-impaired Yadkaville, N.C. woman who related that her husband, who can hear, enjoyed the captions on a recent Monday-night NFL telecast as much as she did. She explains, "He says it's nice to turn down the volume so he doesn't have to listen to Howard Cosell."

BUT THERE ARE NO MORE ZASLOFSKYS

To update our last report on the subject (SI, Oct. 20, 1980), the number of players named Johnson in the NBA figures to grow to 15, or 5.4% of the league's players during the upcoming season. The expected addition of rookies Frank (Wake Forest) to the Washington Bullets and Steve (Oregon State) and Eddie (Illinois) to the Kansas City Kings will swell the ranks of a Johnson contingent already so potent that Atlanta Hawk Guard Eddie, a 19.1 point-a-game performer last season (and older brother of the Bullets' Frank), would be only sixth man on an all-Johnson team consisting of forwards Mackey and Marques, Center George T. and guards Magic and Dennis. Those five would have soundly whipped both the

all-Smith team (there were five of them in the NBA last season, including guards Randy and Phil) and the all-Jones team (also five last season, the best being Bobby and Caldwell).

But the Johnsons had better watch out. There were three players named Williams in the NBA in 1980-81, Ray averaging 19.7 points, Freeman 19.3 and Sly 13.2. They will return this season along with Ray's brother Gus, a 22.1-point scorer in '79-80 who sat out last season in a contract dispute with Seattle, and three rookie Williamses—Buck (Maryland) and Sam (Arizona State), first-round picks of New Jersey and Golden State, respectively, and Herb (Ohio State), who scored 24 points in just 27 minutes for the Indiana Pacers in a recent exhibition game and who has apparently sewed up the backup center job, forcing the man who previously held that spot to move to forward. His name: Clemon Johnson.

ONLY IN AMERICA

Item from the Oct. 5, 1981 *Princeton Alumni Weekly*: "Andrea Leand '85, the [women's tennis] team's top recruit, made a name for herself even before arriving on campus. At the U.S. Open she won three matches, including an upset of Andrea Jaeger. In the first round Leand defeated Renee Richards, who as Richard Raskind had played on the tennis team with her father at Yale. . . ."

FOUR-WAY SCRAMBLE

Not since Jack Nicklaus won the Cajun Classic to finish \$81.13 ahead of Arnold Palmer for the 1964 money title had the pro golf tour seen anything quite like it. Going into last weekend's Pensacola Open, which has long since replaced the Cajun as the tour's final stop, there was a four-way battle for the 1981 earnings title among Tom Kite with \$364,099, Ray Floyd with \$354,926, Tom Watson with \$345,660 and Bruce Lietzke with \$336,146. Because in recent years most of golf's major awards had been wrapped up long before the tour's end, the Pensacola usually attracted a lot of nobodies. But this year was different. All four of the above-mentioned worthies were on hand.

Well, it was a dogfight, just as you would have expected. Jerry Pate won the tournament with a 17-under-par 271, with Kite, Lietzke and Floyd finishing, respectively, four, five and seven strokes back. Then there was Watson, who was

playing Pensacola for the first time in hopes of winning PGA Player-of-the-Year and top money honors for the fifth straight year. He sank an 80-foot putt on the 18th hole for an opening 64, but then blew up with a second-round 76 and finished 10 strokes behind Pate. He thus failed to get the win he needed to overtake the absent Bill Rogers for Player-of-the-Year honors. He also was supplanted at the top of the money list, which he headed in 1980 with a record \$530,808. This year it wound up as follows: Kite \$375,699, Floyd \$359,360, Watson \$347,660 and Lietzke \$343,446. So who needs Nicklaus vs. Palmer, anyway?

BLEAK WEEK

The weekend of Oct. 10-11 was a rough one for Brigham Young quarterbacks, past and present. While Heisman hopeful Jim McMahon (BYU '82) was in street clothes nursing an injured knee, his replacement, Steve Young (BYU '84), was throwing four interceptions in a 45-41 loss to Las Vegas that snapped the Cougars' 17-game winning streak. The Oakland Raiders' Marc Wilson (BYU '80) completed just two of 11 passes with two interceptions while filling in for Jim Plunkett in a 27-0 loss to Kansas City. The Houston Oilers' Gifford Nielsen (BYU '78), who had been expected back in action, missed his seventh straight game with an injured shoulder that was healing more slowly than anticipated. And former Chicago Bear signal-caller Virgil Carter (BYU '67), who puts out a computerized lip sheet, was having his worst week of the year, picking just seven winners in 14 NFL games.

THEY SAID IT

- Chuck Shelton, Drake football coach, whose team is a surprising 6-0, discussing the fun he had being carried off the field after one of those victories: "When I die, I want to be embalmed in a sitting position and carried to my grave by two football players."
- Ron Meyer, SMU football coach, on his 5'9", 220-pound guard, Harvey McAttee: "He's so short his breath smells of earthworms."
- Bill White, New York Yankee television announcer, after Dave Winfield reached into the leftfield stands to catch a ball hit by Tony Armas in the second game of the American League playoffs: "Winfield robbed Armas of at least a home run."

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All The Yankees Were Dandies

New York won its fourth American League pennant in the last six seasons by dusting off the Oakland A's

by JIM KAPLAN

When Jeff Newman couldn't make a play at the plate in Game 1, Oscar Gamble slid safely home.



Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 26, 1981



The Oakland A's had the American League playoff well in hand. Sure, they had lost the opener 3-1 at Yankee Stadium, but now they were leading by the same score in the fourth inning of the second game, and their winningest pitcher, Steve McCatty, was on the mound. If anything, the A's seemed headed for a rout. New York's Mr. October, Reggie Jackson, had left the game an inning earlier with a pulled leg muscle, the A's had bombed starter Rudy May, and they appeared ready to feast on the soft underbelly of the Yankee bullpen. Ron Davis and Goose Gosage, needing a game's rest. Then the best-of-five series would move to Oakland Coliseum, a pitcher's park favoring the A's starters.

Or so it seemed until the fatal fourth, when McCatty, the league leader in earned run average (2.32), got into trouble. Graig Nettles led off the inning with a single, Rick Cerone reached base when a pitch grazed his helmet, Willie Randolph singled home a run, and Jerry Humphrey walked on four pitches. With that, Dave Beard, a fine young reliever, replaced McCatty, but he was no match for the experienced Yankees. Beard allowed a single by Larry Milbourne, a

double by Dave Winfield, a homer by Lou Piniella and two more singles, by Oscar Gamble and Nettles. By the end of the inning, 12 Yankees had batted and they had scored seven runs en route to a 19-hit, 13-3 victory that set playoff records for hits and runs. The Yankees at their "worst" had beaten the A's at their "best." Their bats, their spirits and, eventually, their bodies broken, the A's would lose the series' clincher 4-0 in Oakland. A heady dream had become grim reality.

In retrospect, the New York-Oakland series seems a hideous mismatch, the worst in the 13-year history of interdivision playoffs. That the A's made it this far is testimony to the weakness of the American League West and the brilliance of Oakland's diabolical Manager-General Manager Billy Martin. The A's roster has six Yankee castoffs, including four platooned players and one regular.

It was no surprise that the A's, basically untested, should have fallen apart under pressure. Outscored 20-4, they batted .120 with men in scoring position. Their pitchers surrendered two killing blows on 0-2 counts and a third on an ill-advised fastball late in a scoreless game that was hit out. Even the Oakland outfield, baseball's best, made defensive mistakes. "It's like a boxer who throws right crosses when he's supposed to throw left hooks," said Pitcher Mike Norris. Billy Ball? Silly Ball.

The Yankees, however, didn't reach the World Series by default. As usual, they earned it. How do they love October? Let us count the ways:

- It's the month they execute. Davis and Gosage yielded no earned runs in the two 1981 playoff series, 12½ innings against the Brewers and six against the A's. The Yankees' victorious left-handed starters, Tommy John and Dave Righetti, limited the A's predominantly right-handed lineup to one run in 12 innings.

- It's the month they show the meaning of poise. Dropped from first to ninth in the batting order, Randolph kept any feelings of displeasure to himself, batted .333 and powered the Yankees into the World Series with a clutch home run with the score tied 0-0 in the sixth inning of Game 3.

- It's the month they don't show their age, just their experience. "When a player reaches 35, that's the danger period," says Piniella, 38. "You start to lose hand-eye coordination. But if you get by 35, you can stay around as long as you pay



Winfield helped gum up the A's works.

the price. It's emotion." A sub, Piniella went 3 for 5.

New York's success is often attributed to owner George Steinbrenner's bankroll—"the best team money can buy"—but there must be something special about those Yankee pinstripes, too. Remember, this is a team with 10 men who once played for the Blue Jays, Padres or Cubs. "I think of the guys who wore this uniform—Yogi Berra, Thurman Munson, Elston Howard," says Milbourne, late of Seattle, who batted .462 last week while continuing to replace the injured Bucky Dent at short. "The uniform is pride."

It's somehow fitting that the series' Most Valuable Player was the Yankee of longest continual service, 37-year-old Nettles, who has been with New York since November 1972, batted .500 and drove in a playoff-record nine runs—producing all the Yankee scoring with a three-run double in the first game, adding three more with a homer in the second and contributing three insurance runs with another bases-full double in the ninth inning of the third victory.

He entered the series as a symbol of a fading dynasty. Steinbrenner seemed intent on dismantling. Nettles missed much of the 1980 season with hepatitis, batted .244 this year and went 1 for 17 in the Milwaukee mini-series. But last week he redeemed himself, much to the delight of his friend Jimmy Buffett, the singer. "There's a song Jimmy sings, *Growing Older But Not Up*," Nettles says. "I still feel like a little kid. Some guys are old at 28, others are young at 40. I'd rather die while I'm living than live dead."

Billy Ball made Davis lose his composure.



If Nettles was the focus of attention after the series, in more ways than one, Martin commanded the spotlight before it began. After all, he had twice managed the Yankees, resigning under pressure in 1978 and getting fired in 1979.

The first team to score in Game 1 figured to have a pronounced advantage—the A's because they could unveil their running game, and the Yankees because they could close things out with Davis and Gossage.

The Yankees scored three times in the first inning when Nettles jumped on Norris' 0-2 mistake—a high screwball—and lined it to left-center. The Yankees kept threatening to break the game open, but their base runners lost close calls on plays at second, third and home. Even so, the three runs were all John needed. He kept his sniker down, producing 10 ground balls in six innings and ending two innings with double plays. "I pitch better when I'm tired," said John. "When I was warming up, I threw 18 to 20 minutes instead of 12 to 15 and used a lot of breaking balls to wear myself down. When a sinkerballer is tired, he'll throw lower."

The game was played under a full moon, and the Yankee Stadium werewolves made their appearance in the seventh. Skyrockets erupted from the upper deck, fizzled and left a smoky haze over rightfield. A baseball thrown from the stands struck Tony Armas on the back but didn't injure him.

With Dwayne Murphy on first, one out in the eighth and the Yankees leading 3-1, Martin produced fireworks of another sort. John had left the game after six innings, complaining of "a little toothache" in his right ankle, and Davis was facing A's Designated Hitter Johnson. With a 1-2 count, Johnson convinced Home Plate Umpire Nick Bremigan that his bat was chipped and took a considerable amount of time at the rack exchanging it. Only a cynic would suggest that Martin had ordered the delay. When Johnson finally stepped back in, Davis, clearly rattled, threw three consecutive balls and was finished for the night.

"Billy found Davis' nerve," said an A's insider. "Davis wants to have the ball and pitch." To be sure, the stalling brought in Gossage, who nailed down the win by retiring five batters in a row, but that, too, was part of Martin's grand design. "Billy wanted to waste Davis and Gossage and

set up the second game for McCatty," the A's source said.

For all his cunning, though, Martin may have outfoxed himself. Going into the fourth inning of Game 2 McCatty figured to win even if his pitching became spotty. Six A's had hit safely, and a seventh, Armas, had been robbed of a homer on a circus catch by Winfield, who literally climbed the leftfield wall to reach the ball. Still, Martin retrieved McCatty in favor of Beard with a 3-2 lead. "My manager made that move," said Martin, the G.M. Two hits later the Yankees led 5-3, and Martin's logical move was to walk Pinella and bring in a left-hander to face lefty Gamble. But Martin insisted on having Beard pitch to him. Pinella hit a three-run homer and the Yankees took an 8-3 lead. Even so, Beard finished the inning. "The game got totally out of hand," said Pinella, winking. "When that happens, I think Billy loses interest."

Martin wears a gold cross on his cap and says he abhors violence, but on the first pitch of the third game, Oakland's Keough threw a fastball at Murphy's chin. If Martin thought the gesture would bring the game down to his level, he was mistaken. What ensued was a three-hour, 19-minute low-scoring game in which, at times, the pitchers could not pitch, the

hitters could not hit, the fielders could not field and the healthy could not stay healthy.

The Yankees stranded 11 batters in the first seven innings against Keough, but had gotten one run up on Randolph's sixth-inning homer. "Inside fastball," said Keough. "It is the way to pitch Randolph, but not with an 0-2 count and two outs in a scoreless game." Rightt needed 112 pitches to get through six innings but allowed only four hits and turned over the 1-0 lead to Davis.

Having lost both Henderson and Murphy by that time—Murphy with back spasms, Henderson with a strained wrist—the A's had only one base runner in three innings against Davis and Gossage. The Yankees added three more runs in the ninth, when Murphy's replacement, Rick Bosetti, turned the wrong way on Nettles' long fly, which landed on the warning track.

The Yankees' postgame celebration lacked its usual zest because Steinbrenner banned champagne from the clubhouse. "We haven't won anything yet," he declared. The team then repaired to an Oakland restaurant, whereupon Nettles and Jackson came to blows over seating arrangements and, doubtless, old feelings. Nettles got the biggest hit, something he'd been doing all week. **DNB**

L.A. Gets The Last Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha

by STEVE WULF

Nice series, eh? The first major league championship held in two foreign countries, Canada and Los Angeles, had everything: religion, love, revenge, espionage, nutrition, meteorology, three languages and, occasionally, baseball. And when the last strains of *The Happy Wanderer* faded out, the Los Angeles Dodgers were headed for New York, their knapsacks on their backs, to meet the Yankees for the 11th time in a World Series. Val-De-Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

The Dodgers did it the hard way, after trailing Houston in the mini-playoffs two games to none and Montreal in the mid-playoffs 2-1. Then after waiting around till Monday, Rick Monday hit a home run off Expo ace Steve Rogers with two outs

in the ninth inning to beat Montreal 2-1. One line of that infernal song refers to the clear blue sky. Well, it may have been sprinkling in Montreal, but for L.A., the sky had never been Dodger blue.

Fernando Valenzuela, who knocked in the first Dodger run, pitched 8½ innings of three-hit ball to put L.A. in the Major Series, and afterward the unflappable rookie allowed that he was "delirious"—delirious. The score was 1-1 in the ninth when Rogers, making his first relief appearance since 1978, replaced Ray Burris, who had held the Dodgers for eight innings. With two outs and the count 3 and 1, Monday hit an inside fastball over the fence on right centerfield.

"A lot of strange things happened to us

(continued)

in the playoffs," said Monday afterward, "but one of the strangest was that after I hit the ball, I didn't know where the hell it was. When I saw the outfielders turn their backs and look over the wall, I knew. Then I almost fell down between second and third."

Said Rogers, "If you wanted a script with a happy ending, I strike out Monday, and we go on to score the winning run. But that's not reality."

On Sunday, reality was all wet as a division playoff game was rained out for only the second time. The motto that evening was: Baseball Pneumonia—Catch It! National League President Chub Feeney waited until 3½ hours after Rocket Richard threw out the first ball to call the game. In the meantime Dodger Outfielder Jay Johnstone stuffed towels in his uniform to make himself look like Manager Tommy Lasorda.

When the game was finally called, Expo Outfielder Terry Francona twice slid headfirst into a puddle in rightfield, the second time for photographers who had missed his first splashdown.

The playoff ended in the damp cold of Olympic Stadium, but it began in the sunshine of Dodger Stadium. Los Angeles won 5-1, no surprise considering that



Hooton won twice and had a 0.00 ERA.

the Expos had lost their nine previous games and 18 of 19 in Chavez Ravine. Helping to prolong the hoodoo were Burt Hooton, who shut out Montreal in 7½ innings of work, and Ron Cey, playing in

his first game in five weeks. Hooton didn't have his good stuff, but the Expos helped by hitting into four double plays.

Cey, who wore a flexible cast on the left arm he broke stopping a fastball on Sept. 9, doubled in the Dodgers' first run and scored the second in the second inning. After getting his second hit of the game in the eighth, he scored again on Pedro Guerrero's two-run homer.

The outlook was very good for the Dodgers, especially with Valenzuela starting Game 2. The Expos countered with Burris and Donald Sutherland, the Canadian-born movie actor. Sutherland is an avid Expo fan, so avid that he hasn't missed a game, home or away, since Sept. 12. It was then that Montreal went on a spree that carried it to the division title. "I'm afraid to change my clothes," said Sutherland.

Whatever he was wearing was just right as the Expos broke the Dodger Stadium spell with a 3-0 victory. Burris out-pitched Valenzuela, allowing just five hits. His only tense moment came in the ninth when a double-play ball took a bad hop on Shortstop Chris Speier, giving L.A. runners at first and second with one out. But Speier redeemed himself by snaring Guerrero's hot line drive and doubling Steve Garvey off second.

Burris, whom the Expos signed as a free agent in the off-season after the Mets decided he wasn't worth keeping, had the best season of a hitherto mediocre career, thanks to his good friend Woodie Fryman. Together, they are called the Beast Brothers because, as First Baseman Warren Cromartie puts it, "They eat everything they see." Says Fryman, "I put 25 pounds on him this year." Burris, up to 225, stokes up on lasagna, pancakes, bread, pizza, anything with carbohydrates. Burris said that when he was on third in the seventh inning, "I was thinking about a cheeseburger."

There was a great letdown for those expecting to see Santa Claus behind the plate for the first game in arctic Montreal. Actually, there was a guy in a Santa suit in the stands leading a chorus of *Jingle Bells*, but it wasn't that frosty: 46°. The Dodger bats were considerably colder against Rogers, who beat them 4-1. Rogers, who had given up just two runs in 26½ postseason innings, was losing 1-0 to Jerry Reuss when the Expos came to bat in the sixth. Reuss's slider was so effective that he had broken, by one estimate, nine bats. But with two outs in the

Garvey was "out" twice in Game 1, when Carter dropped a third strike and threw to first.



sixth, Andre Dawson singled, Gary Carter walked and Larry Parrish singled in the tying run. That brought to the plate Jerry White, a .218 batter in the regular season. Reuss let a 2 and 1 fastball get up, and White deposited it over the leftfield wall. "When Reuss is pitching me low he's unhittable," said White. "I was just looking for something high." "What can I say about Jerry White?" said Cromartie, who has the locker next to the reserved White. "Quiet. Clean. Best dresser in the league."

An internal battle had gone on during the game. The Expos suspected that First Base Coach Manny Mota was tipping off the Dodgers as to what pitches were coming—he could tell, for instance, that a fastball was on the way if Catcher Carter set up on the inside of the plate with a righthander up. "We messed up their minds," Carter said triumphantly after the game. What he did was simply call for an inside pitch and set up on the outside.

Once the Expos had the lead, the fans irritated the Dodgers with yet another chorus of *The Happy Wanderer*, an Austrian song that is very popular in Olympic Stadium and summer camps everywhere. The fans are much taken with the Expos, and they cheered louder and louder for Rogers as the game went along. "They had me so pumped up," he said, "I started thinking I was Nolan Rogers, and I tried throwing too hard." But he did have his good sinker and also Parrish at third to start nifty double plays in the fifth and ninth. After Rogers had given up no-out singles to Garvey and Cey in the ninth, Montreal Manager Jim Fanning went out to talk to Rogers. "Don't you dare take him out," said Carter. Fanning had no intention of doing so, and on a 3 and 1 pitch Rogers threw a perfect sinker to Guerrero, who rapped it to Parrish, who made a fine play and turned it into a 5-40-3 DP.

After the game a somber Lasorda guaranteed a victory the next day. "I've never felt anything so strongly in my life," he said. Nonetheless, the Dodgers were given depressing but necessary instructions to have their bags packed before they went to the ball park the next day. At a team meeting before Game 4, Lasorda read a Bible passage suggested to him by Druzy Baker. It was from Romans 5: 2-3: "... tribulation brings about perseverance; and perseverance, proven character; and proven character, hope; and hope does not disappoint ..."

The disappointment was the Expos'. Again, Hooton held Montreal until the L.A. offense could arrive, and the Dodgers won 7-1. Both Hooton and Montreal righthander Bill Gullickson worked out of several jams, and entering the eighth, the score was 1-1. With one out, Baker singled. Then Garvey found Gullickson's first pitch to him, a high slider, to his liking and hit a two-run homer over the fence in left. The breakup of his marriage has made this a difficult season for Garvey, and he has heard some rather cruel comments from fans. "The only way to get back at them is to beat their team," he said. "I did against San Francisco and Atlanta, and I heard something before this game. I bat .750, .800 after being knocked down, and I bat .500, .600, .700 after I've been yelled at."

After Garvey's homer put the Dodgers ahead in the eighth, some of his teammates started singing, "Val-De-Ri, Val-De-Ra," in the dugout. They sang it even louder in the ninth when they touched up the Expos' relief pitching for four more runs. In the clubhouse afterward, they were louder still. "We were getting sick and tired of being valkieried and valde-rahed," said Monday. "So we started singing it. We postponed tonight's air-



Monday's Monday homer won the title.

plane flight. When we fly out tomorrow, we don't want it to be westbound."

Monday got his wish, even if it was a day later than he expected. And he had himself to thank for it.

ENO

At series' end, Cromartie comforted Dawson, who had only three hits and no RBIs.



Gears And Loathing In Las Vegas

Alan Jones won the first Caesars Palace Grand Prix and Nelson Piquet took the World Drivers Championship on a parking lot just off The Strip

by SAM MOSES

The world driving championship was decided Saturday in a parking lot just off the Las Vegas Strip. Caesars Palace had built a 2.2-mile circuit behind the hotel and gambling casino, paid the price (a \$6 million budget) for a Formula 1 race and thus bought a spot in motor-sports history alongside the Nürburgring, Monza and Brands Hatch.

The winner of the championship was

Nelson Piquet, a small, dark, 29-year-old Brazilian. The winner of the inaugural Caesars Palace Grand Prix was Alan Jones, 35, a stocky, pugnacious Australian who had won the driving title last year. The loser of both was Jones' Williams teammate, Carlos Reutemann, 39, a handsome, nobody Argentinian who has futilely pursued the Formula 1 championship for a decade.

A single point had separated Piquet and Reutemann, and that margin didn't change as a result of the race. Only now their positions in the drivers' standings were transposed. While Jones sped all but unchallenged to his final victory—he retired after the race—Piquet cruised to fifth place in his Brabham for two points. Reutemann dropped from the pole position. Jones likened the tight Caesars' circuit to a flattened goat path—and thankfully retired

soon at the start to eighth and no points at the finish, the victim of gremlins in his gearbox.

The evening before the race Reutemann had stood by the huge Caesars Palace fountain and hinted that he felt defeat coming. That this race had been added to the end of the original 14-event 1981 schedule, as a replacement of sorts for the now-defunct Watkins Glen Grand Prix, seemed to him a sort of omen that he wasn't destined to be world champion. "I have a nice book written about my career in Formula 1 at home in Argentina," he said, "and the only page I need to finish is the one on which I tell about becoming world champion. It should've been all over after the last race [the Canadian Grand Prix], when I was leading." The ensuing scrunch of his face and resigned wave of his hands were more prophetic than any mere words he might have spoken.

The finale may have been rendered anticlimactic by Reutemann's gears, but



it didn't lack controversy. Caesars Palace had offered its parking lot—and exposure to "new markets"—to the Formula One Constructors Association (FOCA) as far back as 1977. After four years of negotiating, the race came off according to Caesars' plan: The world's fastest cars did race around a parking lot. In fact, they raced around and around and around the course, which, with its 14 turns, was stuffed like intestines into the 75-acre lot and some adjoining land. It was a circuit unlike any Grand Prix racing had ever seen; not only was it short on high-speed sweepers and fast straightaways, but it was also devoid of landmarks—no trees, no hills, not even grass, just chutes bordered by cement walls. Still, it had a claim to character. Those tight turns were brutal on tires, brakes and drivers. Said Piquet afterward, "When my crew gave me a sign saying 33 laps to go, I nearly died. My head was already going out of the car. I couldn't hold it upright against the centrifugal forces."

Those who care about the esthetics of motor racing were appalled by the circuit, Jones, whose dislike for the politics of Grand Prix racing is one of the reasons

he's heading home to Australia, scoffed. "It looks as if they brought a goat path down from the mountains and flattened it out," he said.

German-born Evi Gurney, who once worked in Porsche's press department and whose husband, Dan, competed as a Formula 1 driver and team owner for 12 years, said, "It reminds me of my kitchen floor every morning. I go downstairs and find my two boys playing those electronic games: deer-deer-deer-deer. That's what this is, Atari for grownups. There's no drama in it, no life."

Whatever possibilities there might have been for life and breath in the race were snuffed out when Reutemann's gearbox began acting up on the third lap. From that moment his 10-year career was doomed. Piquet passed him on Lap 17, knowing at that moment that he only needed to finish sixth to become world champion. Most of the excitement was provided by the teams using Michelin tires. Barely one-third of the way into the 75-lap race the Michelin-shod cars began pitting for fresh rubber, while those using Goodyears sped on undeterred. Alain Prost (Renault), Bruno Giacomelli (Alfa Romeo), Jacques Laffite (Talbot-Matra) and John Watson (McLaren-Cosworth) all were running in the points before their tires began blistering. When they returned to the course with fresh Michelins they provided Reutemann with his only chance for the championship. They all

had been leading Piquet at the time of their pit stops, and if they could repossess him, they would prevent him from earning any points in this race. Prost and Giacomelli made it back to second and third places, but Laffite and Watson ran out of time. They finished sixth and seventh, respectively.

After gaining as much as half a second per lap on Prost, Jones' margin at the end was 20.048 seconds; he had averaged 97.9 mph, considerably faster than had been expected on the "go-kart" course—faster than this year's winners had gone at either Long Beach or Monte Carlo. But he hadn't made Reutemann's job any easier. Jones could have held back and "blocked" for Reutemann, but didn't. His longtime resentment of his teammate had been aggravated because Reutemann frequently beat Jones this year. Asked if he favored Reutemann or Piquet for the championship, Jones replied, "It's take your pick between TB and cancer. I couldn't give a damn." And how did he feel when he lapped the struggling Reutemann during the race? "Wonderful."

When Piquet's Brabham pulled to a stop, he was mobbed—tugged and hauled away by people more excited over his new status than he was. "Too much people were pushing my back and pulling my arm, and I want to get away from the people," he said. "So I run from them." He got only a few yards before he passed out, the effect of all those laps around the parking lot hitting him on the run.

Meanwhile Reutemann climbed out of his car, draped a duffel bag over his shoulder and headed straight for his hotel room. A mechanic reached into Reutemann's car and ran the gearshift through its pattern. "I think he was just knacked," the mechanic said. "The gearbox looked perfect." Reutemann walked past the fountain where he had sensed defeat the previous evening, and where he had wondered aloud where his 10-year obsession had brought him. "The only thing that is important now for me is the world championship," he had said. "But how important is it to have a world championship, I don't know. I really don't know. How important really is Formula 1? I don't know. I don't ever win the championship, so I can't answer that question."

Jones knows, Piquet is finding out, and next year Reutemann will be back still trying to find out, to fill the last page of his book.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS RAINY



Gearbox gremlins gave Piquet a wreath.

They're Making Names For Themselves

Picked clean by the NFL, Pitt is rebuilding—and fast, as Florida State found out—with the likes of the B.T. Express and The Freak **by CRAIG NEFF**

Before the 1981 season it looked as if Pittsburgh had a bad case of the shorts. Although the Panthers still had junior Quarterback Dan Marino, a Heisman Trophy candidate, they had lost 15 other starters from last year's 11-1 squad that had finished second in both national polls and led the country in total defense. In all, 19 players from the '80 team, including first-round draft picks Hugh Green, Randy McMillan and Mark May, had signed NFL contracts. "Take the guys we lost, draft to fill a few gaps and in two years you'd have a Super Bowl defense," said Defensive Coordinator Foge Fazio wistfully.

Florida State also found itself short-handed. The Seminoles, coming off a 10-2 year, had lost 14 starters, eight of them pro signees, and of the players who were returning, the most highly regarded was a punter, Robb Stark. Worse, Florida State faced a schedule that called for successive road games against Nebraska, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Pitt and LSU. "Our Oktoberfest," Coach Bobby Bowden labeled it. "The alumni love it—but but they aren't the ones who get fired."

Nonetheless, going into last Saturday's game at Pitt Stadium, the Seminoles were 4-1 and coming off upsets of Ohio State and Notre Dame, while Pittsburgh



was 4-0 and had extended the nation's longest major-college winning streak to 11. Suddenly Florida State-Pitt was important enough to attract scouts from five bowls—including the Sugar, Cotton and Orange—and stir up talk of a national championship for the winner. "We ain't plowed but half the field yet, and the soil's going to get harder," said Bowden, well aware that the Seminoles' 36-22 defeat of Pittsburgh in 1980 probably had cost the Panthers the national title. "We've both been overlooked," said Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill before the game. "Whoever wins this one is Cinderella for this season."

For the Seminoles, the clock struck midnight shortly after the 1:30 kickoff time Saturday afternoon. Pittsburgh not only piled up 503 yards of total offense and forced five turnovers, but by averaging nearly 30 yards per punt return, the Panthers also effectively neutralized Stark, who had kept other Florida State opponents bottled up with his booming kicks, which had been averaging 45.5 yards. Junior Halfback Bryan Thomas,



Seminole Blair Williams fumbled on this lights-out tackle by movie buff Sunseri



The "tunnel" Flynn found on this punt return led to an 83-yard TD and a 21-0 Pitt lead.

who is known around Pittsburgh as the B.T. Express, became the first Pitt runner since Tony Dorsett to gain 200 yards in a game, finishing with 217 on 23 carries, and Marino passed for 251 yards and three touchdowns despite a bruised right shoulder. When it was over, the Panthers had won 42-14. "What we've got," said Fazio, "is a bunch of apprentices trying to imitate their old teachers and doing one hell of a good impersonation."

Unfortunately for the Panthers, during the first 9½ minutes on Saturday they bore all too striking a resemblance to the team that had turned the ball over seven times in Tallahassee last October. Marino's first pass was intercepted, and on the next series the Panthers fumbled away a punt on its own 33. Marino, the nation's leading passer going into the game, was excusably rusty; he had sat out Pitt's win over West Virginia a week earlier because of the soreness in his shoulder and had thrown only lightly in practice. His teammates were simply too tense, though also with good reason: They're young—only four seniors start—and the Florida State game was easily their biggest so far in '81. With apologies to the Cincinnati and Syracuse on the Panthers' schedule, the game with the Seminoles counted for

one-half of Pitt's season. The other half: the Panthers' Nov. 28 matchup with Penn State.

It was left to senior Linebacker Sal Sunseri, whom Fazio calls "the heart, soul and brains of our defense," to put an end to Pitt's jitters. With Florida State fourth-and-one on the Panthers' two-yard line following the fumbled punt, Sunseri remembered something: "In that situation they always go to the fullback. [Mike] Whiting. I've seen it on all their old films." Ah yes, the films, but we'll get to that later. Sunseri immediately began yelling to his teammates, "Watch Whiting! Watch Whiting!" They did, along with the 55,112 spectators who saw Whiting charge straight into the maw of the Pitt defense and gain six inches. At that, the Panthers were being uncharacteristically charitable: through their first four games they had allowed an average of four inches per rush to lead the nation in stinginess. Thus inspired, the Pitt offense proceeded to take the ball 99 yards in the other direction and score the Panthers' first touchdown on a 22-

yard pass to Fullback Wayne DeBarola.

After losing nine of 1980's defensive starters, Fazio and Sherrill have rebuilt the Pitt defense into a smaller and more cohesive unit, but they essentially left its style unchanged. "I classify defenses as 'either 'read' defenses, which sit back and react, or 'pressure' defenses," says Bowden. "Pitt plays pressure defense—aggressive, swarming, blitzing, forcing you into mistakes. Whatever you're doing, you better do it fast or else you'll be looking at second-and-15."

continued

Sherrill rates Marino ahead of his old teammates at Alabama, Stabler and Namath.



THE PANTHERS *continued*

"Their secondary never really gets tested," adds West Virginia Coach Don Nehlen, whose Mountaineers were shut out (17-0) by the Panthers. "A quarterback has to rush and throw before he gets burned."

Replacing defensive ends Green (now starting for Tampa Bay) and Ricky Jackson (now with New Orleans) are 6' 6", 220-pound freshman Chris Doleman (all right, they're not all smaller), who leads the Panthers with seven sacks, and junior Michael Woods, who dumped the passer on three successive downs in Pitt's 42-28 win over South Carolina. Both spent much of the afternoon in the Florida State backfield, as did Linebacker Rich Kraynak, the game's leading tackler with 13. Woods, like Green, is from Natchez, Miss., and by Green's account is the quicker of the two. One explanation for which might be that Woods's North Natchez High coach carried a lead pipe around during practice.

Pitt's middle three defensive linemen, Tackles Dave (The Freak) Puzoski and Bill Maas and Middle Guard J.C. Pelusi, have been so effective that they've acquired the nickname the Pac-Men. "You know, like the video game with those little monsters that eat the dots, except our guys eat offensive backs," says Sunseri. Puzoski, who is variously described by teammates as "a psycho," "a madman" and just plain "crazy," is a proper successor to Tackle Greg Meisner (now of the Rams), who last year ate a live worm to win a \$3 bet. "Puzoski would've eaten the \$3, too," says one of his Panther teammates.

Sunseri, though, is the Pitt leader and big-play man, as he showed only three plays after the Panthers had scored their first touchdown against Florida State. On third-and-10 at the Seminole 20, Florida State quarterback, Rick Stockstill, dropped back to pass. "That was another one I saw on the films," said Sunseri. "I knew he was going to go to the back coming across. I just waited in the middle and, sure enough, Stockstill threw it right into my arms." Sunseri, an emotional type, returned the ball 22 yards for the score, but was so busy holding it above his head that Stockstill nearly caught him from behind.

Sunseri is dedicated to football. Last

summer, for example, he worked out with weights for 4½ hours a day. Every night he brings a few teammates to his parents' home, which is 15 minutes from campus, for dinner, and at least once a year he stages a hot-sausage roast for the whole team, with the help of his father, Anthony, a wholesale grocer who claims to sell more imported Italian food than anyone else in Pennsylvania. And, oh yes, he watches films. Oh my, yes. "My girlfriend always says I must be cheating on her, because she never sees me," says Sunseri.

That girlfriend might try checking Sunseri's dorm room on any given night; there she would see him and his three non-football-playing roommates—most notably a short, skinny psych major with glasses and a receding hairline who's known simply as Forehead—look at game films for two hours. "Forehead motivates me," says Sunseri. "We'll be watching and he'll point to some guy on the opposing team and say, 'He's going to get you, he's going to nail you.' Then I have to beat him up. Or else I pretend that he's the opposing player and we go at it." No one doubts that Forehead, too, is dedicated to Pitt football.

If Sunseri's interception return hadn't stunned Florida State enough, an 83-yard punt return for a touchdown midway through the second quarter left the Seminoles reeling. Panther sophomore Tom Flynn, one of Marino's roommates, took Stark's kick at the Pitt 17 and watched virtually the entire Florida State coverage unit fly right past him. "They were coming too aggressively," he said. "I saw a little crease in the middle, went for it, and all of a sudden I was coming through a tunnel." Even after the Seminoles intercepted Marino a second time and drove 50 yards for a TD, there was little light at the end of their tunnel, as they faced a 21-7 halftime deficit.

With two quarters remaining, Marino had already completed enough passes—eight of 17 for 115 yards—to break Pitt career records for completions (308) and yardage (4,219). "Danny's more advanced at this stage than either Joe [Namath] or Kenan [Stabler]," says Sherrill, who was a linebacker with both quarterbacks at Alabama. "He's the best pure passer in the country." Indeed, Marino seems to have almost everything going for him. He's 6' 4" and 215, a poised dropback passer with experience running a pro-set offense and has exceptional

Pappy Thomas, a rare Pitt senior starter, breaks up a pass intended for Phil Williams.

continued

The Spirit of America



Mystic Seaport by Alfred Eisenstand

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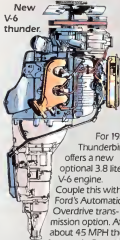


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ability in reading defensive alignments. Against Cincinnati, a 38-7 Panther win, Marino audibled on 50% of Pitt's plays, an astonishingly high percentage for a college quarterback. "He's a pro quarterback playing in college, really," says Bowden.

Marino came out firing in the second half and quickly put the game away. Twice in the opening 2½ minutes he hit Split End Julius Dawkins for touchdowns, covering 65 and 18 yards. The first came on a "66" route that allowed Dawkins to show off his straightaway speed, while the second was off a fake bootleg by Marino.

Dawkins, who leads the nation in TD catches with nine, had only 16 career receptions before this season. He traces his improvement to a week spent last June in Vidalia, Ga., on a farm owned by Steeler Cornerback Mel Blount. Blount had met Dawkins through a mutual friend and invited the Pitt junior from Monessen, Pa. to come down for a combined work-football-basketball seminar. In the daytime

Dawkins learned how to pick peas and watermelons—"One day we filled a whole tractor-trailer with melons," he says—and in the evening he practiced pass patterns against his host with Blount's nephew doing the throwing. "I beat Mel sometimes," says Dawkins, "but I just learned so much. He gave me insight into the mind of a defensive back." With a name like Julius Dawkins, a guy has no choice but to play basketball, too. "They had a sawdust court," he says. "You ever try to dribble on that stuff? It was awful; it messes up your clothes, gets in your ears, gets in your mouth, gets everywhere."

Dawkins, who's 6' 3", 187, may take as much pride in his blocking as his pass catching, and he doesn't like to miss an opportunity to spring a teammate loose downfield. With Pitt ahead 35-7 on Saturday, Thomas broke a counter-trap play for 44 yards, only to be scooped back in the huddle by Dawkins for not having taken advantage of the interference Dawkins was eager to provide.

Late in the fourth quarter, after Florida State had narrowed the score to 35-14 with an 89-yard touchdown drive, the B.T. Express burst through on another counter play. "B.T. get behind me. Hurry up!" instructed Dawkins. This time Thomas paid heed—and ended up with a 70-yard gain. "I got him the extra 25 yards," said Dawkins, smiling broadly at the thought. Six plays later Thomas took a pitchout from Marino and swept six yards into the right corner of the end zone to score the final TD and clinch the game ball.

There was—as so often seems the case with teams from Pittsburgh, no matter what the sport—a strong feeling of family in the Panther locker room after the game. "Last year we did it on talent," said Samsen. "This season we're doing it on feeling, on love for each other." At which point he invited all the Pitt starters over to his house for a spaghetti dinner, "just for a little celebration." Of which there may be many more before Pitt finishes its rebuilding year.

END

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You see what we're up against?" says Johnnie Johnson, the Los Angeles Rams' strong safety. "I came across the field just to see if it was true. And it was. Lofton not only caught the ball with one hand, he even celebrated with one hand."

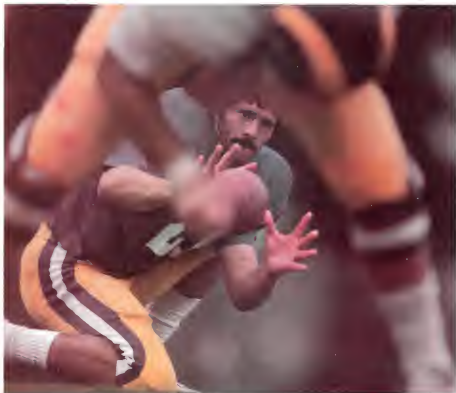
Johnson was speaking of a touchdown catch Green Bay Wide Receiver James Lofton had made earlier in the day against the Rams' secondary. It had been a spectacular reception, the kind featured in highlight films: Lofton at full lean, reaching out with his right hand, snaring the ball impossibly and raising it in vic-

torious salute—without ever touching it with his left hand.

Johnson's lament was the usual one from defensive backs: What can you expect from us working stiffs when we have to cover these circus performers, these super-athletes? Certainly NFL fans are aware of the multiple skills of the best receivers: Lynn Swann, the 25' 2" long-jumper. Lofton, the 27' long-jumper; Cliff Branch and Mel Gray, the 9.3 hundred men; the just-retired Russ Francis, who once held the national high school record in the javelin (259' 9").

But is the matchup between catchers

by RICK TELANDER



and defenders all that unfair? Are all receivers gods and all defensive backs mere mortals running around trying to maintain control—little guys with frying pans for hands, failed receivers fated to be run over on sweeps and beaten on bombs?

Roll that camera again. But this time keep it on Nolan Cromwell, L.A.'s 6'1", 200-pound All-Pro free safety. It's the Rams vs. the Giants in Giants Stadium, Sept. 28, 1980, and here comes the right-handed Cromwell sailing out of nowhere to intercept a deep sideline pass—check it out—just one hand, his left.

Cut to Rams vs. Falcons in Atlanta on

this," says Atlanta's Leeman Bennett of the Atlanta Falcons. "I don't know of a better athlete than Nolan. You can't draw up a game plan against the Rams without thinking of him." "He's the kind of free safety who takes away your basic patterns," says San Francisco's Bill Walsh. "A perennial Pro Bowl player for the 1980s," says Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' director of player personnel.

The Rams' staff is less restrained. "He's great," says Coach Ray Malavasi. "He's in a class by himself, the best free safety ever," says Defensive Coordinator Bud Carson.

For the season Cromwell had eight interceptions, the most in the conference, and 101 tackles, more than any other Ram defensive back.

Cromwell is the undisputed leader of the Rams' secondary, which is probably the best in football, with Pro Bowl performers Rod Perry and Pat Thomas at the corners and speedy millionaire Johnnie (My Money Is Deferred Over A Long Time) Johnson at strong safety. In the Rams' recent Monday night 24-7 win over Chicago the L.A. secondary limited the Bears' wide receivers to one catch for three yards—and when it jells (Cromwell

Best NFL Athlete? Nolan Contendere

Rams Safety Nolan Cromwell, a star quarterback and world-class hurdler as a collegian, has become one of pro football's top defensive players

Dec. 9, 1979, Atlanta Wide Receiver Al-fred Jackson has his man beaten for a sure touchdown. The ball is nearly there, but here comes Cromwell, again seemingly from nowhere, leaping high, hands higher than the goalpost crossbar, to make a shocking interception. Though he lands with a crash on his head and left shoulder, Cromwell leaps up, dodges tacklers and returns the ball 28 yards.

Clearly, if in the war of the airways the receivers have all the big guns, Cromwell is an equalizer—an MX missile—for the defense. He is such a remarkable athlete that opposing coaches hate to describe him for fear of upsetting their own premier athletes. "Maybe we can agree on

"Nolan is one of the most incredible football players I've ever seen," says Ram Vice-President and General Manager Don Klosterman, who has seen a few. "When I try to compare him to somebody, the only person who comes to mind is Bobby Bell, the former linebacker for Kansas City. Bell could play corner, safety, throw the ball 85 yards, center the ball either short or long, kick off, play wide receiver, quarterback. Nolan is like that, a guy who can do anything. And he can do it with such grace. I'm afraid people will think I'm Nolan's P.R. man, but I honestly can't think of anything negative to say about him."

Last season, which was only Cromwell's fourth in the NFL, has second as a starter, one of the wire services agreed with Klosterman and named Cromwell the NFC Defensive Player of the Year.



You down Earl Campbell any way you can.

claims that he's still learning, and Johnson is in just his second year), it should be even better.

"We get along great, too," says Thomas, no small claim on a team on which dissension and acrimony seem to be handed out with the jockstraps. "When J.J. signed his contract I was happy for him. I really was. We all were." And the fact that Cromwell is the only white in the bunch? "Hey. I went to Texas A&M where there were about 30,000 white stu-

continued

Cromwell holds on kicks because he has sure hands and can run or throw on a fake.



In Los Angeles, as well as back in Lawrence, Nolan and Ellen prefer the simple life.

NOLAN CROMWELL continued

dents and about 100 blacks," Thomas says. "No problem. We meet together, we go out for drinks. Our secondary is united—all for one and one for all."

But back to Cromwell and the great-athlete reputation. What is a great athlete? You can start with hands. Cromwell has terrific hands. He has held on kick placements since he joined the Rams, a sign of management's trust in that vital area. And, says Carson, "He could have been a pro wide receiver."

Then there is the arm. Cromwell can throw—long, short, with accuracy, with zip. "What a quarterback he could have been," sighs Klosterman, himself a former pro signal-caller. In fact, Cromwell was a wishbone quarterback during his last two years at the University of Kansas. He didn't get to pass much and was injured his senior season, but in his junior year he ran for 1,124 yards and was named Big Eight Player of the Year. Before that, in high school in tiny Ransom, Kans., he had played everything from halfback to middle linebacker.

Jumping ability? In high school Cromwell was an all-state basketball center who could dunk.

Coordination? As a punter in high school he kicked with his right foot until he sprained the ankle; he then punted leftfooted and averaged 38 yards a kick. At the ABC Super Teams competition in Hawaii in February 1980, Cromwell de-

asted his trashsport opponents, leading the Rams to a first-place finish and \$14,500-per-man paychecks.

Speed? As a member of the Kansas track team Cromwell ran the indoor 600 in 1:10, just 2.4 seconds off the world best. He had a relay quarter-mile split of 46.5. He was the Big Eight champion in the intermediate hurdles, and his time of 49.5 qualified him for the 1976 Olympic Trials. And once, just for kicks, he entered the decathlon and scored 6,806 points. "With practice I probably could have gotten up to 7,500," Cromwell says. Others suspect he could have gotten close to 8,000. Guido Kraischner's world record is 8,649.

There is another element to super-athlete status, at least as it pertains to football. Call it intelligence, instinct, adaptability—it's the thing that enables certain players to take on an unfamiliar role and perform well. Two examples: The first time Cromwell was on the Rams' punt rushing team he blocked the punt. In his first start as a college quarterback he ran for 294 yards, breaking Gale Sayers' school record and setting an NCAA single-game rushing record for quarterbacks that still stands.

And a corollary to this talent is the ability to recognize and respond to situations one has never experienced. In the aforementioned Los Angeles-Chicago game the Bears tried a flea-flicker. Though all the keys read "run," something within Cromwell said "pass."

When the ball was thrown, he was there and nearly intercepted it. "What surprises me about Nolan is the way he reacts," said Bear Strong Safety Gary Fencik after the game. "On that play he read his key, but he also was back for the coverage. It must be a sixth sense."

Though Cromwell's skills are well known now—just listen to Howard Cosell on the subject sometime—at the Super Teams competition he was still an unknown, except to his teammates. And they protected him like Brinks guards. "At 10 o'clock we put him to bed," says former Ram Defensive End Fred Dryer. "We carried the social burden and he slept. Then, when we finally brought him off the trailer and he whinnied going around the track, guys like Willie Stargell and Dave Parker almost died. They'd never seen anything like Nolan."

The Rams, too, had never seen anything like Cromwell when they drafted him in the second round in 1976. Part of the reason they didn't start him right away was that they didn't know where to play him. "All we knew was that he was too good to be on the bench," says Carson. Even as a sub Cromwell scored two touchdowns in his second year, one on a blocked punt and one on a 16-yard run after a fake field goal.

In 1979 L.A. traded veteran Free Safety Bill Simpson and put Cromwell at the position to utilize his interception skills, as well as to preserve him. The free safety—formerly called weak safety because he lined up on the weak side, away from the opponent's tight end—is often a team's best athlete, but not always the one you'll find in the thick of the action; the position is notorious for being the hiding place of crafty players who hate to tackle. Cromwell startled the Rams by making more tackles in two seasons than anybody else on the team except Middle Linebacker Jack Reynolds, who is now with San Francisco.

Then the Rams added a unique nickel defense—one in which a reserve cornerback took the free-safety spot while Cromwell went up to the line and covered the opponent's toughest receiver man-to-man. Because Johnson and Cromwell practice at corner every day, the alignment gives the Rams essentially a five-cornerback secondary, a terrible sight to opposing quarterbacks. There are teams that change their offenses just to keep L.A. out of the nickel, that's quite a tribute to Cromwell.

continued

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After a recent workout at the Rams' practice facility in Anaheim, Defensive End Jack Youngblood, jerseyless, cigarette hanging from his lip, casts a lure far out onto the asphalt patio outside the locker room with a new test-model reel a salesman has given him to try out. He and Cromwell watch the plug sink into imaginary bass waters. Time passes. "The big one!" screams Youngblood. With a tremendous jerk he whips the lure back toward the locker-room roof, the line sailing up and over Cromwell while Youngblood cranks frantically on the reel.

Cromwell heads for the parking lot. He fires up his pickup truck, the one with the shotgun rack and the 83-gallon propane tank in the bed, and drives to his apartment, which overlooks one of Anaheim's few strawberry patches. His wife, Ellen, greets him at the door.

"Honey," Cromwell says. "I think I might be buying a new fishing reel."

Ellen, a pretty young woman who overwhelmed Cromwell at a boat show in Kansas four years ago, smiles. They'll probably discuss this later.

The Cromwells are farm people, in Los Angeles only for the football season. After the last game they'll pack up the truck and drive back to Lawrence, where they have a home and 160 acres of bottomland on the Kansas River. Cromwell will work this acreage actively, he's not sure whether he'll put in corn or soybeans next year.

Because the Cromwells know that football isn't forever, they have put themselves on a budget they think they can live with after Nolan retires and goes into farming full-time, or coaching or business. They shun the bright lights and Tinseltown parties, the publicity that they know can tear up an all-American couple. Nolan's pickup runs on propane because it's cheap and, as he says, "that's what everybody back in Kansas is doing."

He adds, "Ellen and I are both from small towns. When you grow up in a place that doesn't even have a picture show, you learn to do things that don't cost money." Hunting, fishing and camping are his favorite pastimes.

Nolan is the fifth of William (a co-op grain-elevator manager in Ransom) and Lucille Cromwell's eight children. The family traces its roots to Oliver Cromwell. Nolan Cromwell steadfastly insists that there's nothing much unusual about his own history. To emphasize the point, he wrote on his NFL personnel survey

sheet just after he was drafted, "I've really had a very boring life!"

But that's just a way of putting off those who might not understand the life he has led, or chosen. Indeed, out on the plains Cromwell developed a modesty, a sense of humility, an equanimity, right along with his physical skills. He doesn't brag. He's polite, friendly, laughs a lot and doesn't even appear to have a killer streak hidden deep down the way most agreeable football players do. When he tackles he tries to bring the man down, not maim him. Maulers like former Oiler Jack Tatum and Bear Doug Plank puzzle him. "I'm not much of an intimidator, I guess," he says.

"Nolan has got his own values, his own integrity," says Klosterman. "He's a player-photographer. He doesn't have peaks and

ethically, it's not right to break it, and I wouldn't do that." That's a singular statement for a Los Angeles Ram or, for that matter, most any professional athlete.

When the Rams drafted Cromwell, they felt they were taking a big risk. He was, after all, a "projection," an offensive player changing to defense, and how many quarterbacks have made that switch? Bill Bradley, Rex Kern, Jack Mildren? Not a lot. The Ram gamble paid off. But it's interesting to consider what Cromwell could have become if things had been different. Maybe a Bruce Jenner circling the track with a tiny American flag upraised. Maybe a quarterback with fame and endorsements. Maybe a loin-clothed Tarzan squaring Bo Derek through the jungle. As one Ram secretary says, "Nolan is the only man I ever knew

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER READ MILLER



Johnson, Cromwell, Jack Youngblood, Larry Brooks: the fastest half-bon in the West.

valleys because he's so straightforward, so capable. I can't see any insecurities or doubts in him. He's the Marlboro Man. He's one of the most stable human beings I've ever met."

Of course, this is the kind of guy you want on your team, leading the flock, and Klosterman took it upon himself to sweeten Cromwell's contract considerably last year to keep him a Ram. Not that Cromwell was going anywhere. He already had a contract and, as he says, "I've always felt a contract is a legal document

who looks terrific in either a beard, or a mustache, or clean-shaven."

But questions like these don't torment Cromwell. "I'm really happy playing in the defensive secondary," he says. "If the ball is thrown and I've done everything right and I know I can get there in time, it's a very good feeling. I try not to worry too much. Cornerbacks have the hardest job, by far. And then comes the strong safety. Free safety is really the easiest."

For Nolan Cromwell that's probably true.

END

The Man Who Runs Running

He's Fred Lebow, the impresario of the New York Marathon, the Fifth Avenue Mile and 220 other extravaganzas every year **by BOB OTTUM**

It is nearing the noontime rush hour in the City Hall area. The fat receptionist has been patient, up to a point, but now she's ticked. "You mean to tell me," she says to the bearded man in front of her desk, "that you . . . you mean to stand here and tell me that you got no identification?"

The bearded man shakes his head.

"No driver's license?"

No.

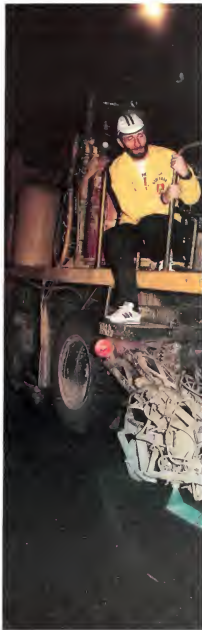
She sighs at the wonder of it. She pokes a co-worker so that they can share this moment. This is the central police headquarters in one of the biggest cities in the world—maybe seven or eight million potential perpetrators milling around in it—and here is the one guy in town who can't prove who he is. In the po-face station.

"I've got a business card," the man says.

"Honey, we *all* got business cards," the fat lady shoots back, "but that ain't identification."

Finally, the group surrounding the bearded man offers to vouch for him: This chap is, indeed, Fred Lebow, just as his business card says. He is, indeed, the president of the New York Road Runners Club, and he's expected right now at a very important meeting in the Traffic Division upstairs to discuss, among other things, the New York Marathon. And while the lady is filling out the visitor's permit, shaking her head, one of the group turns aside, speaking low. "Fred always travels light," he says.

Oh, absolutely. Fred is ready to break out running at any moment. He travels in baggy warmup pants over nylon running shorts, running shoes, sweat socks, a T shirt and the ubiquitous black plastic running watch. And an Italian-style bicycling cap, suitable for wearing frontward or backward. It's the particular magic of this style of cap that everybody





thinks he looks good in one, when actually the exact reverse is true.

Every piece of Lebow's costume bears the insignia of some manufacturer, and everything is free. If it doesn't come free, Fred won't wear it; it's a matter of firm principle with him. He has huge stacks of warmup outfits in all colors and in various stages of repair, and he wears them to the office, on business trips, on planes, to lunches or dinners in the most elegant restaurants.

Upstairs in the police building, Lebow is smooth and expansive. He tells the Traffic Division chiefs what a wonderful job they're doing with the growing number of New York's road racing events, as well as the New York Marathon, and what an immeasurable service this is to the sport. The captains and lieutenants warily watch this Messianic figure in warmups. They already know what a wonderful job they're doing. New York Mayor Edward I. Koch recognizes that the marathon is a showcase for the City, and he has ordered that it be made to work smoothly. As for the sport of road racing—well. Most of the division's chiefs are overweight and half of them are chain-smoking. That's what they think about the sport of road racing.

After the meeting Lebow and his companions stand indecisively on a sidewalk near City Hall. This is on Lower Broadway, and their office is at 89th Street, maybe six miles uptown. "We can grab a cab back," says Lebow. "Or we can

continued



Lebow, perennial president of the New York Road Runners, helps paint the blue line that marathoners will follow.

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Seafarers

and daring remade the world



Lebow loosens up the field in a 25-km. October tuneup for next week's marathon.

take a subway. Or"—he looks around at the midday crush of pedestrians—"or we could run up there."

Run up there. Seriously, now. You mean run through these teeming sidewalks all the way up to. . .

"Oh, all right," Lebow says. "We'll take a cab."

There was a time, not too many years ago, when the New York Road Runners Club was a quiet little organization. It had perhaps 300 members, which might seem big at first but which is little in a city the size of New York. The Road Runners sort of hung loose, and their byways were mostly sidewalks and jammed streets. The club's one big bush was the marathon, which was conducted entirely inside Central Park. The first one was in 1970—126 runners started and 72 finished—and it is a matter of unassailable history that most of the spectators were the gentlemen standing beneath the gaily striped umbrellas of their pushchairs, yelling, "So, what's the big rush? Stop and buy a pretzel, already."

It was a far gentler time, if things are ever gentle in New York. And there are many club members who recall such days wistfully, for look what they've got now: the biggest club of its kind in the world, a \$2 million-plus-a-year operation with 21,000 members that stages 220 running

events and clinics a year, including stunts like an annual dash up the stairs of the Empire State Building and, a couple of weeks ago, a very serious one-mile race down Fifth Avenue. There seems to be no end in sight: In 1984 the club will put on the world cross-country championships over a course inside Belmont Park Race Track.

Next Sunday brings the world's biggest and grandest marathon, with more than 16,000 runners from 57 countries flowing in a ragged stream through the city's five boroughs. That race involves shutting down 360 intersections to traffic, and it utilizes 1,460 police officers, 200 Parks Department and Sanitation men, hundreds of military and Red Cross personnel, more than 100 buses just to ferry the runners to the start on Staten Island, more than 500 medics and 400 portable toilets. The club provides 3,000 volunteer helpers, including 400 just to work the finish line in Central Park.

Last April, the New York Road Runners moved into a new \$1,373,000 headquarters on East 89th Street, a pleasantly shabby, six-story, 40-room mansion that most recently was a psychiatric center. "This building has created a puzzling effect," says Peter Roth, the club's treasurer. Like most of the officers, he is an unpaid volunteer. His earnest, emaciated look bespeaks endless miles of running.

"First we operated the whole club on top of Fred Lebow's kitchen table. Then we had a tiny room at the West Side Y. Now we've got this big clubhouse. But you could walk in and somebody might say, 'Well, whadda you want, fella?' And you feel like shouting, 'Listen, I'm a member.' It all represents progress, of course, but some of our members feel that the club has grown too big too soon."

Perhaps. But whatever has happened, for better or worse, Fred Lebow has had a finger in it.

Most of the time Lebow looks worried and maybe a little bit wounded. Certainly haggard. He's 49 years old and pre-leathery; he has a fine start on what one day will be deep seams in his face. He has pale blue eyes, thinning sandy hair and a sinewy, straight-up-and-down body. All in all, he has the look of a steady runner, and Lebow is as steady a runner as any and a whole lot steadier than most. Just now he peers contentedly around his big, jumbled office on the fourth floor, rear, of the old mansion, and smiles. "To think that when I started all this," he says, "all I really wanted was a desk somewhere and a phone."

Lebow took over as president of the club in 1972. In the years since, the club has taken over Lebow. Running the operation and making it worldwide in scope has become his obsession. He's at the headquarters every day, usually making telephone deals on one of the four lines that come into his office, and he restlessly prowls the darkened corridors by night, unable to surrender the place to a few hours of quiet. Occasionally he throws himself down on the lumpy couch in his office for a nap.

Lebow wasn't always so driven: indeed, there was a time when he fancied himself as something of a bohemian: "Sidewalk cafes in Paris, quaint little hotels in Barcelona—that sort of life," he says. And he made a determined lunge for it as a youth, but he never could seem to get the knack of hanging loose; probably because he had, what he calls, a bad case of "basic respectability." The Lebow family, Mom, Dad and five boys and two girls, were once the Lebowitzes of Arad, a small town in Transylvania. They survived the Nazi occupation but split up and made a run for it when the Russians seized Romania after World War II. Fred, who was 13 at the time, snuggled

continued



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himself into Czechoslovakia and then to Holland with a group of refugees and finally wound up with papers as a stateless citizen of Ireland—"a nice Jewish boy like me." The rest of the Lebowitzes are now scattered around the U.S. and Israel. Fred, who has lived just about everywhere in the world, has been left with a strange, softly melodic accent, a blending of Slavic, continental European, upper British and Lower East Side. To Lebow, athletes are "a-lets," females are "vimmin," and every sentence he utters has "O.K." in it.

"So, O.K., so I made my fortune in the garment business," he says. After settling in Manhattan in the early '60s, Lebow attended the New York Fashion Institute (but didn't graduate); then in Cleveland he sold TV sets for a time and ran an improvisational theater. Back in New York, he hit it big in garment center knock-offs. "I was quite good at it," he says. "I got so good I became a high-paid consultant. It is my particular talent that you bring me a designer's original, a \$200 garment, O.K.? And I would analyze it and produce the same garment, O.K.? The same garment for \$49.95. Fourteen-ounce fabric? I'd change it to 12. Six buttons here; I'd put five. Real pockets became fake pockets; where there once was a lining, O.K., there'd be none. I'd go to Hong Kong or Italy to get them made—all for a

handsome commission. I ended up wealthy, O.K., with a sports car, dating lovely vimmin, the works."

Indeed, if it weren't for a seemingly innocent interruption at this point, Lebow would probably be a millionaire today, a shadow Ralph Lauren or Bill Blass. He talks about it matter-of-factly, wearing his usual distracted look, and the realization comes suddenly that Lebow doesn't fully see what has actually happened to him. "I discovered running..." he says, and his voice trails off as he looks into some private universe. It began so innocuously; Lebow started running to condition himself for tennis and, in a matter of months, the joys of running overpowered him. First he stopped playing tennis, and then in one year, 1970, he ran in 13 marathons. His times are, well, O.K. In 1970 he did a 3:19, his personal best, in Syracuse, N.Y., and this year he ran a 3:48 in Paris, a 3:47 in Oslo, a 3:49 in Stockholm and a 3:46 in Columbus, Ohio. He has now run in 30 marathons and two ultramarathons, one of 50 km., another of 60.

Eventually, Lebow abdicated as king of the knock-offs because it interfered with his running. "In 1977 I started to work less," he says. "Then, in 1978, I did only one or two jobs; one in 1979, I haven't done any in the last two years."

Lebow isn't paid for being president of the Road Runners, having made a bundle

in knock-offs, and he has developed an ascetic, almost monklike pride in how little money it takes for him to live. "So far this year I've spent a total of maybe \$2,500 of my savings," he says. "I mean, look I live alone in a rent-controlled apartment for \$69 a month; it isn't fancy, O.K.?" I sold my car long ago. I don't even spend money on cabs. I run to all my appointments all over town. I wear mostly running shoes and clothing, and they're all supplied free. I don't have any food in my apartment except maybe some fruit juice; I've never cooked a meal there, not even a cup of tea. I eat only two light, inexpensive meals a day, lunch and dinner, and people most often take me to these."

Every evening between 9:30 and 10, Lebow puts away his work and heads downstairs through the darkened club headquarters. He strolls to Central Park, where he runs six miles—a shadowy figure ghosting along in all kinds of weather. On Saturdays he increases the distance to 10 miles and on Sundays to 12.

Lebow does his heavy thinking while running, and there are times, he says, when an idea of such brilliance will leap into his mind that he'll stop dead in his tracks. At one time he would scratch the idea into the dirt with a broken twig, figuring he could later go back and read it. But then he discovered that, if he carried the twig along as a reminder, when he got to his desk, the idea would come back, full-blown, as one recalls a dream from a snippet of random conversation.

Back at his office, his sweaty running clothes tossed into an old cardboard box that serves as a hamper, he often works far into the night, scheming on how to make the Road Runners even bigger. Over the years Lebow has emphasized events for women—he's one of the pioneer backers of women's road racing, and he doesn't turn aside suggestions that this contributed to the inclusion of a women's marathon in the 1984 Olympics. The club also sponsors clinics and fun runs, a series for company teams, and breakfast runs, runs for twosomes, as well as midnight runs. The Fifth Avenue Mile might be joined by the Champs-Élysées Mile in Paris next year—staged by the Road Runners—and Lebow wants to promote similar races in London and Tokyo and Lord knows where else.

In short, Lebow has put the club on a giddy promotional upswing. It is taking in a lot of money, yet operating slightly in

continued

Lebow's presidential prerogatives include leading club staffers in stretching drills.

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the red. The figures are dazzling. The 1980 New York Marathon cost \$502,717 to stage, but took in \$454,879. This year several new sponsors have been added, and ABC will show it live, for an undisclosed fee. ("Not as much as you might think," Lebow says, "nothing like it pays for a football game.") So the race might finally show a modest profit. Still, expenses keep running ahead of revenues.

Lebow sees the national telecast of next week's marathon as a breakthrough for the sport. "It'll vibrate everywhere," he says, "and probably renew the running boom. O.K.? Maybe it'll start a whole new running boom like nothing the world has ever seen. Just think of it!"

Treasurer Roth and the hard core of folks surrounding Lebow are equally pumped up. Indeed, the entire mansion often seems to be populated with gaunt, hollow-eyed people gliding about silently in running shoes—and going off on "little runs around the park" instead of to lunch. Roth sees Lebow as a visionary spreading the word. "Fred's not altruistic," he says. "He's not getting money from this job, he's getting power. And through power, he has more influence on running than if he took a salary." And the small, dedicated band of insiders clearly feels the same. The club hasn't conducted a general membership meeting in two years, and where the membership once produced token candidates to run against Lebow, in the last couple of years there haven't been any elections. An election had been announced for April, but because of pending changes in the by-laws, it was postponed. Roth says that for those who don't understand that it's all for the good of the game, "some of this creates a vague feeling of unease." "Well," says Lebow, "it could be a cause for some concern if maybe I lived in a big penthouse apartment and drove a Mercedes."

Fair enough: Those ready to accept the big picture must make this key adjustment in their thinking: The New York Road

Runners Club isn't really a club in the traditional sense, it's a tiny fiefdom just off Fifth Avenue, a monarchy run by a benevolent tyrant.

And now Lebow, in the still of a late evening, sitting in the mansion, reflects on the twists his life has taken because of his need to run, sometimes, it seems to have left some barren areas. At one point, about eight years ago, he was seriously dating just one woman—in fact, living with her. He takes her picture out of a desk drawer and stares at it. She looks softly feminine, not at all athletic. "She wanted a commitment from me," he says, "but somehow I kept putting it off. And then she gave me a sort of deadline: I would have to decide on our future by the end of the year. We would get married or go our separate ways. I agreed—but I had just started running seriously, and it sort of slipped my mind, O.K.? And then, this one day, I was flying home from a business trip. It was New Year's Eve—a bitter cold evening with gusts of sleeting rain. We had been invited to a black-tie dinner party; she was all excited about it. But I got to reviewing my running diary on the plane and . . . " Lebow pauses and winces at the memory. He had promised himself—he had sworn—that he would run 2,500

miles that year. And now, going over the figures in his diary, he was still 19 miles short. And the year had about run out.

"I hurried to the apartment," he says, "and she was all dressed for the party, in a stunning gown. It was about 6:30 p.m. or so, and the party was to start at eight. I slipped into my running clothes. 'Darling, just these last 19 miles,' I told her. And I went out to Central Park, in the most biting wet cold ever, and I ran as fast as I could. Then, just to make sure—I couldn't bear the possibility of coming up short—I ran a couple of extra miles. I came back at ten, O.K.? I showered as quickly as I could and got into my tuxedo. She was barely speaking to me; we arrived at the party too late for the lovely dinner. But there were still drinks and dancing. And soon after midnight—there among all the laughing, happy people and the hugging and kissing—I looked around and . . . she was gone."

Lebow tells of trading home alone in the sleet and of finding his packed suitcase out in the hall and the door locked. "There was a note on the bag," he says. "As she had warned me, we were through. It was my fault, of course. And then, there was a P.S. After packing my bag she had re-added all the figures in my diary. 'Your actual mileage for the year was 2,531,' she wrote. Oh, my. . . "

Lebow believes he has learned something from that bitter experience. "I have started seeing other vimmin again," he says. The next time, the next love, will surely be different. "I was always in running clothes," he says. "Maybe she would have liked to see me wearing something else occasionally. I was not attentive enough to her; I was always distracted by running. I wonder if it's possible to love two things at once: a fine woman and running."

And Lebow puts the picture away. Next time will be different. Meanwhile, he looks around his office contentedly. Meanwhile, there is the club, the club, the club.



Lebow heads off on nightly six-mile run around Central Park Reservoir.



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What's black and white and red-hot?

The SMU tailback—a creature who poses a riddle that opponents haven't yet solved this year

by John Papanek

The tailback for the SMU Mustangs is averaging 234.3 yards and nearly four touchdowns per game, and he never gets tired. Peruna the pony runs up and down the field each time SMU scores, and has been exhausted lately. No wonder, SMU is 6-0 and alone at the top of the Southwest Conference. No SMU pony has had to work as hard since 1947. And even Doak Walker, as great a back as he was, got tired sometimes.

Last Saturday night in the Astrodome the SMU tailback gained a meager 147 yards in 38 carries and scored only two touchdowns. But the defense came up with five interceptions—four, including a touchdown return, by Strong Safety

Wes Hopkins, and one, for another touchdown, by Free Safety James Mobley—as the Ponies trampled Houston 38-22. And as the game wound down, the Mustang Maniacs who came over from Dallas called for the next victim: "We want Texas! We want Texas!"

SMU should win its first Southwest Conference title since 1966, although it's on NCAA probation for recruiting violations and can't go to a bowl. That means SMU's tailback won't be on national TV this year, and that's a shame. Of course, the SMU tailback is only a junior and not merely a probable first-round draft pick, but two first-round picks. That's because the SMU tailback is two tailbacks: Eric Dickerson and Craig James.

Dickerson's 109 yards rushing, including touchdown runs of 31 yards and one yard Saturday, gave him 812 yards and

14 touchdowns for the season. James, who was held to 38 yards on 17 carries by Houston (his poorest performance since the Cougars shut him down last year), has 594 yards and eight touchdowns. Dickerson, ballyhooed in 1978 and booed in 1979, has gained more than 100 yards in each of SMU's six games and is the top scorer in the country, with an average of 14 points a game, as well as the top rusher in the SWC. James has surpassed 100 yards three times and is second in the conference in rushing. The two have been on the field together for just a few plays all year. SMU Coach Ron Meyer swears he doesn't even notice which one of them is out there. Dickerson averages 24.3 carries a game while James averages 22.2. The former says, "I'm having an Eric Dickerson season. Finally." As far as James is concerned, the difference is merely a matter of breaks—and torn jerseys.

Whoever starts stays on the field as long as SMU has the ball. On the next offensive series, the other goes in. This shuttling continues throughout the game, except when one of them gets his tear-away jersey ripped off. Then he's replaced until he gets a new shirt on. Against Houston, James, the "power" runner of the pair—though he says he's as much of an outside threat as Dickerson—had to change his jersey eight times. Here he was in the third quarter, just getting warmed up, when off came the shirt. Out he went for a quick change, and Dickerson took a pitch from Quarterback Lance McIlhenny and darted around right end for his 31-yard touchdown. "That's the way my luck has gone," James says. "The breaks just haven't gone my way."

"I don't need much," Dickerson says. "Just a quick shot."

"We like it like this," James says. "Eric or me, it doesn't really matter who it is. What one of us does, the other does as well. And we don't get beat up."



Dickerson (right) and James may stretch together, but they rarely play together.

Dickerson and James are 10th and 29th in the nation in rushing, first and 16th in scoring, while SMU ranks eighth and third in those categories. James is already the third-best rusher in SMU history. Dickerson is fourth, only 34 yards behind. And, if they continue at their present rate, they would be the 12th pair of 1,000-yard rushers in NCAA history and the fifth pair to average 100 yards a game for the same team in a season.

Texans, as everyone knows, love a good story, and the tale of the two tailbacks is just about too good to be true. Dickerson (6' 2", 215) and James (6' 1", 220) grew up an hour and 20,000 miles from each other in the Greater Houston area. James's home is in the up-scale suburb of Spring Branch, tonier than where Dickerson hails from: the farming town of Sealy. They heard about each other when they were high school stars but never saw each other play. Dickerson scored 84 touchdowns and gained 5,875 yards in three years at Class AA Sealy High. James, at Class AAAA Stratford, broke Earl Campbell's single-season rushing record with 2,411 yards and scored 35 touchdowns in his senior year. Each led his team to an undefeated state championship season. Dickerson won the state 100-yard dash in 9.4 seconds; James ran the 100 in 9.7 without training, on a busman's holiday from Stratford's baseball team one afternoon. Dickerson was named the nation's No. 1 running back by *Parade* magazine and was vigorously recruited by Oklahoma, Texas Tech, Texas A&M and USC, in addition to SMU. James, a .400-plus-hitting first baseman, was a potential high major league draft choice. (He can also punt a little. On Saturday he filled in for injured Punter Eric Kaifes and kicked seven times for a 39.7-yard average.)

"It was a lot of fun recruiting them," says SMU offensive coordinator Steve Endicott. "Especially Eric. Every game was like a coaches' convention." There were Oklahoma's Barry Switzer and Texas's Freddie Akers and Texas A&M's Tom Wilson, all of whom were ready to promise Dickerson the world. James, on the other hand, wasn't much of a problem. He puffed up baseball for football, largely, he says, because he wanted to prove that a white boy could still excel at running back in the Southwest Conference. "Everybody said that because I'm white, I couldn't compete," he says. "There was no doubt in my mind. I played on a state

championship team just like Eric. People thought I was slow—I have never been caught from behind." James committed himself to SMU during his senior season. The hard part was having to tell Bear Bryant on his face that he really preferred SMU over Alabama.

In Meyer's recruiting pitch, he promised the pair they would play together as splitbacks in the wishbone or the veer. Dickerson ran from the I in high school, James from the wishbone. At first, things didn't quite work out. James did fine his freshman year, gaining 761 yards. But Dickerson suffered from the pressure and injuries, including hamstring pulls, thigh bruises, a concussion and AstroTurf toe, missed two games and gained just 477 yards. He thought about leaving. That year the Mustangs were 5-6.

"I saw Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl and thought, 'Wow. Dad I blow it!'" says Dickerson. "I wanted to get 2,000 yards and score 30 touchdowns. I saw USC in the Rose Bowl and figured I could be the next Charlie White. I could have been Marcus Allen."

Last year Meyer knew he had to change things. "We tried the wishbone, splitback veer, this and that in practice; well, we don't know those formations," he says. "What we know is the I."

Now in his sixth year at SMU, the 40-year-old Meyer is an Ohioan who learned most of his football as an assistant to Purdue's Jack Mollenkopf. In the middle of last season, after losing to Baylor and Houston, mainly on turnovers, Meyer switched from a multiple offense, which averaged almost 30 passes a game, to a ball-control attack, with McIlhenny, then a freshman, replacing junior Mike Ford. Against second-ranked Texas the following week, McIlhenny threw only eight times—he averaged fewer than 10 passes the rest of the season—and James gained 146 yards and Dickerson 85, and SMU pulled off one of the upsets of the year, winning 20-6. Then the Ponies beat Texas A&M, Rice and Arkansas to finish 8-4 and tie for second in the SWC. Dickerson and James ended up with 928 and 896 yards, respectively, and 11 touchdowns between them.

This year, SMU's offense is about as complex as a calendar: 82% of the attack is confined to the ground. And three of every four hand-offs or pitchouts are to Dickerson or James. Baylor Coach Grant Teaff called the SMU tandem "uncanny" after it ripped the Bears for 247 yards and

four touchdowns two weeks ago. Houston Coach Bill Yeoman said, "Those two can slash your throat, and you don't even know who's going to draw the razor."

"We're getting what we want out of them," says Meyer. "Forty-six carries per game from our tailback! And every single one of them is from a rested tailback. So it's working out even better than we thought."

Of course, there is a chance that Dickerson and James will share the same backfield. If they don't against Texas or Arkansas or Texas A&M—and they might, Meyer lets on with a wink—they probably will when the All-Southwest Conference team is chosen.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST Coach Lou Holtz of Arkansas, incensed when a pass-interference call wasn't made against Texas, yanked off his watch and hurled it downfield. Longhorn Coach Fred Akers wished he could have made time fly that fast. The minutes dragged by for the Horns, whose No. 1 national ranking, pride and Cotton Bowl hopes all took a thrashing in rainy Fayetteville. It didn't matter that Texas wound up with a 20-17 edge in first downs and a 282-96 advantage in passing yardage. Most of those numbers came after the Razorbacks had clinched their victory. Final score: a stunning 42-11.

The Longhorns, who had been 13-2 in Fayetteville and hadn't lost there since 1965, passed a school-record 51 times, but their 21 completions weren't nearly as effective as the seven in 18 attempts by Tom Jones of Arkansas. Jones, the younger brother of the Baltimore Colts' Bert, passed for 83 vital yards, ran for two touchdowns and was the game's leading rusher with 73 yards.

Things went bad for Texas from the start. On the game's first snap, Longhorn Quarterback Rick McIvor fumbled and Razorback Billy Ray Smith recovered on the Texas 19. Smith, who plays anywhere from nose guard to outside linebacker in his team's complex multiple defense, hounded the Horns all day. Three plays later, Jones tossed 14 yards to Halfback Gary Anderson at the Texas one. Jones banged into the end zone on the next play for a 6-0 lead.

Other Texas woes: a center snap out of the end zone that gave the Horns a safety on what was to have been a Longhorn punt and a lost fumble at the Longhorn five. Anderson

continued

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scored on the next play. Altogether, Arkansas intercepted four punies and recovered three or four longhorns fumbles. A 47-yard field goal by Bruce Lahay and a 19-yard pass from Jones to Anderson gave the Razorbacks a 25-3 half-time advantage. That lead grew to 39-3 in the third period when Jones scored on a four-yard run and Garret Bowles on a 19-yard punt.

A 21-yard field goal with 22 seconds left, the fourth for the day by Baylor's Marty Jamerson, resulted at Texas A&M suffering its first Southwest Conference defeat, 19-17. Rice won its third straight, beating Texas Tech 30-23 as Michael Culhoun threw four touchdown passes for the second straight week. Kevin Haney of Texas Christian hustled in a 26-yard scoring pass from Steve Siamp with 4:52 remaining to earn the Horned Frogs a 13-13 draw with Utah State in a non-conference contest.

SOUTH

"Oh, oh, oh! Eleven in a row!" That's what Alabama fans cheered after beating Tennessee for the 11th time, 38-19. Directing Ian Gray, a fifth-year senior first-time starter, two weeks ago he threw a first-string quarterback. Gray had one touchdown and one interception and one field goal performance. Peter Kim booted for Alabama and the Tide took 516 yards to 269. The victory for Bear Bryant, three shy of Stange's record.

Georgia remained half a game behind Alabama in the Southeastern Conference by defeating Vanderbilt 53-21. The Commodores set up their defenses to stop Herschel Walker, who nonetheless gained 188 yards and scored twice. That gave Walker, a sophomore, 2,684 career yards, the most ever by a Bulldog back. There was also plenty of passing. Georgia's Buck Belue completed 15 of 22 for 237 yards. Lindsey Scott's seven receptions for 122 yards brought his career total to 1,738 yards, another Georgia mark. Vandy's passing attack connected on 29 of 54 attempts for 360 yards and three touchdowns.

Some more Bulldogs—from Mississippi State—held off independent Miami 14-11 with all the scoring coming in the first half. Jim Kelly of the Hurricanes passed for 267 yards, but the Bulldogs intercepted him twice and allowed Miami runners only 29 yards. Mississippi State had better balance 163 yards rushing, 151 passing.

Freshman Eric Martin's 100-yard kickoff return highlighted Louisiana State's 24-17 victory over Kentucky. James Jones ran for three touchdowns in Florida's lopsided 49-3 romp over Mississippi. Auburn, ahead 10-7 at the half at Georgia Tech, finished with a three-touchdown flurry to come out on top 31-7 in an out-of-conference contest.

SI TOP 20

1. PENN STATE (5-0)	2
2. N. CAROLINA (6-0)	3
3. PITT (5-0)	4
4. USC (5-1)	5
5. GEORGIA (5-1)	7
6. SMU (6-0)	8
7. CLEMSON (6-0)	9
8. ARKANSAS (5-1)	—
9. TEXAS (4-1)	1
10. IOWA (5-1)	12
11. IOWA STATE (4-1-1)	—
12. MISS. STATE (5-1)	14
13. MICHIGAN (4-2)	6
14. ALABAMA (5-1-1)	16
15. BYU (6-1)	17
16. ARIZONA ST. (5-1)	18
17. NEBRASKA (4-2)	—
18. MISSOURI (5-1)	10
19. WISCONSIN (4-2)	13
20. WASH. ST. (5-0-1)	19

* Last word

Independent Southern Mississippi, which a week earlier had tied Alabama, was a 10-0 winner over Memphis State in the rain-drenched Liberty Bowl. It rained so hard that there were no pregame or halftime festivities, the scoreboard clock conked out and the bands stayed in their buses. Nevertheless, Tommy Winder of the Golden Eagles splashed for 175 yards in 29 carries. Quarterback Reggie Collier scored the game's only touchdown when he went 24 yards on a quarterback draw line in the first period.

North Carolina State led versus North Carolina 10-0 at halftime, the first time the Tar Heels had been behind this season. The Wolfpack jumbled on an onside kick to start the second half, but the Tar Heels got the ball and scored 10 plays later. Tyrone Anthony, who slipped three times during the first half, charged his cleats at halftime and put North Carolina in front 14-10 with a five-yard run in the third period. A change in tactics also helped Anthony to take advantage of N.C. State's blitz by its strong safety—which disrupted first-half roll-out passes—the Tar Heels repeatedly used Anthony on draw plays. Anthony had 109 yards in the final two quarters, 183 for the day, and junior Fullback Alan Burrus scored twice on point-blank plunges as North Carolina rallied to win 21-10. It was the Tar Heels' 20th victory in their last 21 games.

Despite giving up its first touchdown in 18 quarters and committing its first turnover in three games, Clemson blasted past Duke 38-10. Cliff Austin rushed for 178 of the Tigers' 563 yards of total offense. On defense, the steppin' stone for undefeated Clemson was

Linebacker Jeff Davis, who made 13 tackles.

Not even 556 yards passing and 47 completions in 67 attempts by Wake Forest—24 for first downs—could keep Maryland from prevailing 45-33. Gary Schofield passed for 504 of those yards, but four of his throws were picked off by the Terps, who had some offensive guts of their own. Boomer Eason tossed two touchdown passes, and John Nash ran for 136 yards and scored twice.

VMI had its perfect record nullified when Appalachian (N.C.) State earned a 14-14 deadlock.

Murray (Ky.) State, the top-ranked team in Division I-AA, was upended by Middle Tennessee 14-9 in an Ohio Valley Conference contest. But No. 3 Jackson (Miss.) State walloped Southwestern Conference rival South-eastern University 41-0.

MIDWEST

so happy I don't know what else to say," Maddy Waters, Michigan State's beleaguered coach, didn't have to say another word following a 33-14 upset that knocked Wisconsin out of the Big Ten lead. Quarterback Bryn Clark, whose father Monte coaches the Detroit Lions, was more articulate. Describing the new Spartan offense, he said, "We used four wide receivers and only one running back. On film Wisconsin was aggressive and intimidating, but the offense seemed to confuse them."

Clark threw for three touchdowns and completed 18 of 30 passes for 291 yards. He teamed with Daryl Turner on a 49-yard touchdown pass that started the scoring in the first period.

On the way to its first victory in Ann Arbor since 1958, Iowa displayed a stingy defense that gave up only 263 yards to Michigan and got three field goals from freshman Tom Nichol. That was all the scoring Iowa needed, and all it did. Nichol kicked a pair of three-pointers in the first quarter and added a 30-yarder in the third period after Mel Cole had made an end-zone interception. The 9-7 win left the Hawkeyes as the only team undefeated in Big Ten competition. For the first time in 14 seasons, the conference representative in the Rose Bowl probably won't be either Michigan or Ohio State.

Ohio State stopped Illinois runners cold—18 yards in 20 carries. However, the Buckeyes were almost done in by the passing of Tony Eason, who completed 27 of 47 for 386 yards and two touchdowns. Unfortunately for him, Eason was also intercepted three times. Ohio State built its 34-27 triumph around the running of tailbacks Tim Spencer (131 yards) and Jimmy Gayle (119). Spencer put the Buckeyes ahead 31-27 with an eight-yard cross back in the third period.

Three southdown passes by Scott Campbell propelled Purdue to a 35-0 rout at North-

western. It was the Wildcats' 26th consecutive loss, two short of the major-college record held by Kansas State and Virginia. Indiana staved off Mississippi 17-16.

"I had to prepare two game plans—one with Crutchfield playing and one without," Iowa State Coach Donnie Duncan said after jolting previously unbeaten Missouri 34-13. Dwayne Crutchfield didn't let a badly sprained left ankle or a twisted left knee keep him from playing. Even a knock-out blow couldn't stop him for long. Crutchfield was coldcocked after diving into the end zone for a touchdown in the first quarter and landing on his head. Once the cobwebs cleared and a bloody gash on the bridge of his nose had been cleaned up, Crutchfield returned and finished with 32 rushes for 98 yards and three touchdowns. And he did this against a Tiger defense that had been limiting opponents to a mere 79 yards a game on the ground, the sixth-best figure in the country. It helped, too, that the Cyclone defense forced five turnovers and that John Quinn passed for 226 yards.

Kansas State used a Heinz 57 defense, but Nebraska countered with a spicy offense and a bread-and-butter defense that added up to a 49-3 wipeout. "They lined up practically every way imaginable," Husker Quarterback Turner Gill said of the Wildcats. Nevertheless, the Huskers rolled up 674 yards of offense, 93 on a touchdown run by I-back Mike Rozier. Nebraska stands alone at the top of the Big Eight.

Three Oklahoma reserves accounted for five touchdowns in a 45-7 romp past Kansas. Freshman Steve Sewell, who started because Halfback Chet Winters was hurt, scored on a 17-yard run. Another freshman halfback, Alvin Ross, talked on runs of one and two yards. And Darrell Sheppard, who took over at quarterback in the second half after Kelly Phelps sprained an ankle, scored on runs of one and 10 yards.

Colorado seemed headed for its fifth straight defeat. The Buffaloes trailed Oklahoma State 10-3 with the ball on their own four, 88 seconds left and no time-outs remaining. Worse yet, Quarterback Randy Esmington was out with bruised ribs, and sophomore Steve Vogel, who had thrown only four passes in his career, was in charge of the offense. What was Vogel to do, especially against a Cowboy defense ranked No. 2 in the nation? Simple, complete five passes in a row, the last a nine-yarder to Brad Parker for a touchdown with six seconds to go. Then victory-starved Colorado got a two-point conversion pass from Vogel to Derek Singleton to win 11-10.

With Quarterback Jim Kehoe passing 37 yards for one touchdown and carrying the ball for another six-pointer, Toledo topped Central Michigan 17-3. That gave the Rockets undisputed possession of first place in the Mid-American Conference.

For a walk-on, Cincinnati's James Bettis

has done mighty well. By rushing for 203 yards during a 27-18 win over Richmond, the senior tailback broke the Bearcats' all-time leading ground-gainer, with 2,226 yards.

EAST Way back in 1912, Shorty Miller of Penn State ran for 250 yards against Carnegie Tech. That was the most ever for a Nittany Lion runner—until Curt Warner zipped and ripped his way for 256 in 26 cracks at Syracuse last week. Warner's big gainer was a 69-yard scoring burst. Todd Blackledge kept Orange defenders honest; he completed 10 passes in a row before missing on his final attempt. Two of Blackledge's throws were good for TDs as Penn State won 41-16 to remain one of eight undefeated and unbeaten teams in Division I-A. Pitt (page 20), which beat Florida State 42-14, was another of those eight.

Olivier Luck, an Academic All-America and Rhodes Scholar candidate, passed West Virginia to a 27-6 victory over Virginia Tech. Luck completed 17 of 27 passes for 265 yards and three touchdowns.

Tank Murphy's 15-for-20 passing, netted 204 yards as Temple was 24-12 at Rutgers. Four field goals by Steve Fehr led Navy to a 25-10 triumph at Boston College.

Unbeaten Yale drubbed fellow Ivy League opponent Columbia 48-17 as Rich Donta rushed for 131 yards and scored three touchdowns. Marc DiNunzio ran back a Brown punt 94 yards for a TD in a 14-9 Cornell win. Dartmouth, down 10-0 in the second quarter at Harvard, won 24-10 as Sean Maher scored twice and ran for 118 yards. Princeton traveled to West Point, where Army got its first shutout in 123 games, 34-0.

WEST Stanford Coach Paul Wiggins called it a "brilliant play." Southern Cal Coach John Robinson felt it should have been called intentional grounding. "It" was a deliberate forward fumble by Cardinal Quarterback John Elway, who saw he was going to be tackled short of a first down and gambled on dropping the ball. It rolled out of bounds, giving the Cardinals a first down at the USC three instead of losing the ball on downs. On the next play, Elway passed to Flanker Mike Tolliver to cut the Trojan lead to 25-17 with 2:01 left in the Pac-10 game. But a two-point pass try failed, and an onside kick was recovered by USC to quash Stanford's hopes and the score stood.

Southern Cal led 25-3 in the third period before Elway, who passed for only 36 yards in the first half, began clicking. He threw for 199 yards after the intermission. Conversely, John Maynor of the Trojans was more effective in the first two periods, in which he got all of his 175 passing yards. Marcus Allen of Southern Cal had 153 yards in 40 carries, the first time he's finished below 200 this season.

Washington State was one of five major teams to have an undefeated, undefeated record ended last week. The Cougars, off to their best start in 51 years, led UCLA 17-10 with 4:53 to go, but wound up with a 17-17 stand-off. Seven plays after the Bruins fell on a fumble at the State 32, Frank Cephus raced six yards for the tying touchdown. The Cougars outgained UCLA 475 yards to 320 and remained first in the Pac-10.

Arizona State whipped California 45-17 and Washington swamped Oregon State 56-17 to stay in the race. Robert Weathers rushed for 208 yards as the Sun Devils' offense rolled up 630 yards, and Arizona State got a team-record 51-yard field goal from Luis Zendejas. Four first-half touchdown passes by Steve Pelluer enabled Washington to coast.

"I think we felt like we were slugged in the face," Arizona Coach Larry Smith complained when his Wildcats, who beat USC the week before, were made one-point underdogs to Oregon, which was 1-4. The Ducks led

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Gary Schofield, a sophomore quarterback for Wake Forest, tied an NCAA mark with 43 completions against Maryland. He passed for 504 yards and two TDs, but the Deacons lost 45-33.

DEFENSE Linebacker Kyle Whittingham of BYU, a 224-pound senior whose father is the team's defensive coordinator, had four sacks and 10 unassisted tackles as the Cougars beat San Diego State 27-7.

14-9 in the final period, but Vance Johnson's 11-yard run and Brett Weber's 32-yard field goal gave Arizona an 18-14 win.

"There have been some things said down here in San Diego to the effect that Doug Sevier took the BYU offense with him when he left for San Diego State this season," said BYU Quarterback Jim McMahon. "He's a good coach, but it's the players who win the games. We wanted to prove that." McMahon emphasized the point by passing for 349 yards and three touchdowns in a 27-7 victory.

The Cougars swept to a 21-0 lead with three drives that covered 199 yards in a total of 5:39 in the first half. It was the first loss of the season for Sevier, the former offensive coordinator at BYU. McMahon, who had been injured the previous two weeks, completed 27 of 42 passes and set an NCAA record for "most points responsible"—points made by passing, receiving, rushing, kicking, returning kicks or causing a safety—by one player in a three-year career—468.

Hawm ran as record to 4-0 by beating New Mexico 23-13 in a WAC game. Lee Larsen provided the Rainbows with their margin by kicking five field goals.

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RONRICO RUM

by Dan Jenkins

Her putter didn't stutter

Kathy Postlewait, a non-winner on the tour, hit long green on the green

At a golfing event at the Desert Inn and Country Club in Las Vegas last weekend, there was big money at stake, and big-name professionals were involved. There were officials in blazers and badges, gallery ropes, crosswalks and marshalls, flags and banners, a few hundred spectators clustered around the greens and, all in all, it looked as if something important was going on. But then a perspicacious observer might have noticed that some of the contestants were wearing not proper golf shoes but sneakers and boat shoes and that all of them were carrying just one club. For these reasons, it is fairly certain that the "J&B Scotch Gold Putter Award \$100,000 Putt-Off" will never rank up there with the Masters, let's say, or the British Open or even the LPGA Championship, which is not to say that the \$50,000 won by Kathy Postlewait isn't spendable.

Actually, what was happening at the venerable DI was no more strange than the Grand Prix for motorcars going on just up The Strip at Caesars Palace. If cars can race in a parking lot, golf without the other 13 clubs can be played for fun and profit. What made the Gold Putter event interesting in this third year of its existence was, first, the prize money

going up from \$60,000 to a hundred grand—and as large a first prize as any in ladies' golf—and the fact that nearly every one of the top lady pros was entered. All the Beth Damels and Nancy Lopez-Meltons and Jan Stephenson and JoAnne Carner. Everybody. That the final came down to a duel between a player who had never captured a tournament in eight years on the women's tour—Postlewait—and Patty Sheehan, a bouncy and positive little lady who will most likely be the LPGA's Rookie of the Year, only proved one thing: putting quite often doesn't have much to do with golf.

Carner, who is affectionately known as Big Mama to many of the LPGA competitors, put the Rare Scotch classic in proper perspective before it began. Big Mama said, "I'm at a disadvantage because I won't get to let off steam by taking a divot with my four-wood between putts."

The competitors all agreed that a different kind of pressure was involved in the Putt-Off. There was no break in concentration. The stroll from one hole to the next was seldom more than a few steps. The courses for the two-day tournament were laid out over the storied old 9th, 18th and practice greens of the Desert Inn. Six cups on each. There were short holes, little eight-footers, and there were long and brutal footers of 50 feet across humps, but they were all par-2. The players made all sorts of bad jokes about boundaries and unplayable lies and not being allowed to use carts, but they were grim when it came time to play.

continued



Postlewait studies the line on one of the three "courses" in the Las Vegas Putt-Off.





Big Mama said she couldn't let off steam.

GOLF continued

even though some chose not to wear golf shoes. Postlewait won in brown Top Siders, in fact.

Postlewait and Sheehan each had to win three matches on Saturday to reach Sunday's 36-hole final, and what the two of them did was knock out all the big names. They did it in different ways. Postlewait never had an easy time. She drew Daniel in the first round and survived by a stroke. She next met Lopez-Melton and again survived by a single stroke. In the semifinal she enjoyed a bit of breathing room with a three-stroke win over Donna Caponi. But all the while she went about her business in a me-

Defending champ Bradley upes one in.



thodical way, her Ping putter pinged, her timed prescription glasses preventing her from seeing three golf balls and her Top Siders making her feet comfortable. As she would say later, "Putting isn't a strenuous sport."

Meanwhile, Sheehan was busily dismissing her own share of big names, and with ease. In the first match on Saturday she rolled in six aces and beat glamour-girl Stephenson by 10 strokes. An hour later she sank an incredible seven aces and dusted off Janie Blalock by five strokes. Using an old rear-shafted Wilson putter, she seemed to be pure magic on the speedy surfaces, and Blalock could only giggle in defeat.

Sheehan was asked how old her putter was. "I don't know," she said with a shrug. "I haven't counted the rings around it."

Sheehan reached the final by putting her way to four under par against Amy Alcott and winning by six. There was very little lore to compare it with, but it seemed likely that her 17-under performance in 54 putting holes Saturday was some sort of record. If a knowledgeable oddsmaker had been around on Sunday instead of watching pro football at breakfast, Sheehan would have been made the favorite against Postlewait. She was rolling the ball beautifully, and on the LPGA tour she is known as an "upper," a positive thinker.

Postlewait also is considered a very good putter despite the fact that she has never won a regulation tournament. "I think Kathy's as good as we have out here," said Marlene Floyd, a finalist in 1980. Floyd went looking for a place to get 15-1 on Postlewait, the odds quoted on her by Jimmy The Greek, but in a town where you can bet on whether your shoelaces are tied, there was no place to get it down. The sponsors had asked The Greek to make odds on the competition, and he made Postlewait one of several at the highest price in the 16-player field, possibly because he had never heard of her. The Greek had made Stephenson the favorite at 4-1, possibly because he had seen a picture of her.

A scouting report on the field would have gone like this: Pat Bradley, defending champion but still putts like Ack; Carner, hot and cold; Floyd, best stroke among ex-flight attendants; Alcott, a scrapper and streaky; Stephenson, pure stroke, negative thinker; Sheehan, most positive; Blalock, grinder; Kathy Whit-

worth, cuts everything but her way into the Hall of Fame; Lopez-Melton, once the best putter who ever lived, including Ben Crenshaw, but tired; Myra Van Hoose, just switched from cross-handed; Daniel, a better player than a putter—in fact, the best lady player today; Postlewait, quiet but a fabulous stroke; Sally Little, elegant style; Mary Dwyer, not a very good putter although she won the first Gold Putter award; Caponi, serious; and Cathy Reynolds, a rival to Stephenson for looks and the leading blonde in the clubhouse.

When the lady pros are in the mood, they confess there is nothing—absolutely nothing—that they can do as well as the men on the TPA tour. They simply don't have the physical strength. They do play human golf, however, and more and more followers of the sport enjoy watching them because they can relate to their distances and problems on the course. The average spectator knows little from watching Fuzzy Zoeller hit a drive 320 yards and then a nine-iron 210 yards.

If, however, there is one area in which the women could compete with the men, it is in putting. It's the only part of the game in which they could tee off from the same place. No man could have outputted Sheehan in the three matches on Saturday when she blew by Stephenson, Blalock and Alcott with her 18 aces. And it's extremely doubtful if any man could have outputted Postlewait on Sunday when she stroked in seven aces and got out ahead of Sheehan and stayed there and won that \$0 grand by five shots.

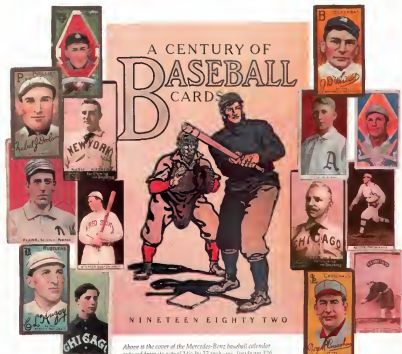
After the first 18 holes, Postlewait was four under par and held a four-stroke lead. That wasn't too big a lead for Sheehan to overcome if her putter had warmed up, but Postlewait saw to it that it would have to get very hot indeed. On the 1st hole of the afternoon, a 45-footer on which the player had to line up the cup equidistant between the Stardust hotel-casino sign on The Strip and a high-rise bank building, Postlewait sank the putt. And on the 2nd hole, a 36-footer which had to be lined up toward the DI clubhouse, she sank another one.

Suddenly, Postlewait was six under, six strokes ahead and marching toward her biggest prize ever in her comfy brown Top Siders. When she holed out on the 18th for her victory, she took the shortest walk in history for \$50,000. It was about, oh, two yards to the scorer's tent.

Only in Vegas, folks.

END

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by Paul Zimmerman

The Oakland Raiders broke their three-game fast and scored last Sunday. Yes they did. They scored 18 points, which was enough to beat Tampa Bay by two; and they did it with a brand-new quarterback, Marc Wilson, and an offensive line that blocked as well as it is humanly possible to block, and a defense that was inspired in spots. And are things

The Raiders regain a lost art

It's known as scoring, and it helped Oakland to its first win in a month



Marsh and Wilson: crest of the new wave.

right in Pride and Poise Country now? No, they are not.

Forty minutes after the game, Al Davis, the owner, was slouched against a wall outside the Raiders' dressing room, cursing softly to himself and lobbing ice cubes into a laundry bag.

"How'd you like your new quarterback?" he was asked.

"I didn't get to see the real Marc Wilson," he said. Pause. Plink went an ice cube. Plink. "I don't know what I saw but it wasn't him. They didn't let the kid throw the ball. How many long passes did he throw, one?"

One exactly, an overthrow of Wide Receiver Cliff Branch in the end zone. The rest of the time it was little flips and dinks behind a line that gave Wilson an hour to throw the ball, a line that brutalized the Bucs when the Raiders ran.

Wilson said he had been "nervous . . . I never lost my nervousness . . . I didn't want to make a mistake." Davis shook his head, plinked a few more ice cubes and said, "They didn't let the kid open up. They called the first downs for him and the third downs. What could he do?"

This isn't Raider football. This kind of dink approach supposedly was what got Ken Stabler a ticket to Houston. It drives Davis crazy. Oh, the Raiders won the game all right. They won it because Ted Hendricks blocked Bill Capece's 31-yard field-goal try after a high snap with eight seconds left, and because of the brilliance of their offensive line, and their defense, which held Tampa Bay to zero first downs in the first half. But things are out of sync. The Raiders screwed up the clock at the end of the first half when they had a first-and-goal on the Tampa Bay three and had to settle for a field goal. They let the clock run and la-de-dashed out of the huddle. "Yeah, I know, that was terrible," Davis said. "What the hell can I do? I'm the owner. I can't climb down on the field."

And if Wilson is Oakland's quarterback for real, if he doesn't just represent a holding operation until Jim Plunkett gets himself back together again, then the Raiders have a long way to go.

Wilson was pressing Sunday, and his ball was doing tricks as he tried to guide it to his target, but he's a good-looking

young athlete. He stands 6' 6", and when he drops back in the pocket during practice with long, graceful strides, Davis peers at him and smiles. "See that kid?" he will say. "He's going to be in the Pro Bowl someday."

There are two types of players Davis likes best, the ones he drafted in the first round and the ones he salvaged when the world had given up on them, e.g. Jim Plunkett, and last week it was time to replace one from column B with one from column A. The Raiders had just been shut out 27-0 in Kansas City. They had sunk to 2-4 in the AFC West, three games behind Denver. It was their third straight shutout, which sent people scurrying to the record books to learn that the last time this happened was during World War II, when the 1942 Brooklyn Dodgers suffered two shutouts at the end of the year and then led off 1943 with four more. The Raiders' high-powered offense (the deep pass, the punishing ground game) had coughed, sputtered and finally died. They were a joke.

In the Raiders' locker room the players were passing around a yellow mimeographed sheet that a fan had sent in. It read: LONGSOME? LIKE TO MEET NEW PEOPLE? LIKE A CHANGE? LIKE EXCITEMENT? LIKE A NEW JOB? JUST SCREW UP ONE MORE TIME.

The changes and excitement were furnished by the organization itself. The first wave came against Kansas City. Eleven-year veteran Ray Chesser, who had caught just four passes in the last three games, was replaced at tight end by young Derrick Ramsey. Left Guard Gene Upshaw, who had started every game in his 14-plus-year career—207 straight—was replaced by Curt Marsh, a blond, 275-pound rookie. Upshaw spent the entire K.C. game on the bench.

On the Wednesday after K.C. the next wave was announced. Monte Jackson would replace Dwayne O'Steen at the right cornerback spot. O'Steen had been overrun by the Chiefs' ground game. Jackson had been a two-year Pro Bowler with the Rams and had come to the Raiders in 1978 for a first-, second- and third-round draft choice, the famous Lawrence Welk trade—uh one, and uh two, and uh three—that had never quite worked out.

continued

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Steve Sylvester, a balding, soft-spoken utility man, would replace Dave Dalby at center. Opponents had been hurting the Raiders with stunts and deep loops over the middle of the line.

And finally the big one, Wilson for Plunkett, last year's Cinderella, the NFL's favorite bedtime story for 1980.

"You know, I played on the Jets during Namath's last four years," Safety Burgess Owens said, "and we used to ask ourselves, 'When is it going to happen? When are they finally going to replace him?' We'd wait for it, week by week, but it never happened. On this team, things happen quickly. I can't say the players here were surprised. This is a very professional team."

"The roller coaster never stops, does it?" Plunkett said one day last week, smiling that sad smile of his. "It goes up, it goes down. The suffering that goes along with it, yeah, I guess that's the hard part. I can understand their thinking. Things weren't working right and I started pressing. I'd get rid of the ball too soon, so the line wouldn't have to hold their blocks for too long, or so I felt. My thumb isn't right and I guess that has affected my throwing a little. My timing just wasn't right."

"Jimmy didn't look right in camp, either," Davis says. "Neither did Upshaw. The idea of the changes was in the back of my mind then, but I felt we owed it to our Super Bowl people to give them a few games. I told [Coach] Tom Flores in camp, though, that the offense didn't look like it should. We weren't scoring much, even in the exhibition season."

"It's Tom's team and Tom's offense, and ultimately he must take the blame if it can't score. Yeah, I know, the players are at fault, and we've gotten some injuries, but no bleepin' points in three games? A coach has got to get some of the blame for that."

Does this mean Flores is in some kind of trouble?

"Check the history of this organization," Davis says. "We don't fire coaches here."

Some of the Raiders' difficulties are easy to pinpoint. They were 2-1 when they lost Fullback Mark van Eeghen with a bad hamstring pull, and it was only then that they realized what a vital part of their offense he was. Even more serious was the loss for the year of Wide Receiver Bobby Chandler who had a ruptured spleen in the opener. Chandler was their

possession receiver, their Freddy Biletni-koff type, the guy who'd make the tough catch over the middle to keep the drive alive. Morris Brockshaw has been a poor imitation.

There are a couple of more sides to the bleak Raider picture. Earlier in the season The New York Times reported that Stabler had allegedly associated with a known gambler while he was quarterbacking the Raiders. Last Sunday the Times reported that a convicted bookmaker and police informant named Gene Tropiano had alleged in 1972 and again recently that the Raiders' trainer, George Anderson, had placed bets on Raider games with a San Francisco-area bookmaker for four teammates, two team officials and himself in the early '70s and had passed inside information about injuries to that same bookmaker. The morning of the Tampa Bay game, Davis said he had confronted Anderson with these charges last week: "I said to him, 'I hear you bet on football.' He said, 'Al, I swear I never did.' If it's true, the guilty people should be apprehended. It's wrong and it's illegal. But the guy says it's not true. The league has had this for nine years. I'm not going to let this faze me. My mind isn't on that right now."

Another dark side of the picture is what some Oakland people feel is an on-going battle between the team and the league office and the latter's arm on the field, the officials. This fight, they whisper, is related to the current Oakland lawsuit against the NFL to get a green light to move to L.A.

The suggestion is that some very strange things are happening to the Raiders. In the 9-7 loss to Denver, the Broncos got their touchdown on a pass play in which the receiver, Rick Upchurch, stepped out of bounds. The films show it. Denver's field goal was set up by a penalty on a punt that was marked off against the Raiders when it had actually been called against the Broncos. The league has admitted the error, privately.

In reviewing Oakland's 36-10 Monday-night victory over the Vikings, the league decided that Raider Safety Ods McKinney had delivered a blow to the area of Steve Dil's head that was so severe in its intent that only a \$750 fine would set the matter straight. Closeup footage from NFL films, plus replays of the TV tape, reveal that when McKinney blitzed he had a clear shot at Dil, and could have taken Dil's knee out if he'd



Flores is giving his offense a fresh look.

wanted to, but instead he ran right through him, making contact at the upper-chest level. Dil bounced right up after the hit, and the referee, Gene Barth, standing five yards away, threw no flag. In the same game the Vikings' Ahmad Rashad rolled up the leg of Oakland Safety Mike Davis, breaking it and tearing ligaments in his ankle—a play far removed from the action—without any kind of reprimand from the league office. Two weeks later, on a punt play against Detroit, the Lions' Ken Fantetti set up McKinney with a block, and Bill Gay finished him off with a forearm and helmet to the head that depressed his cheekbone. The Raiders sent films of that play to the league office. "Accidental hit" was the ruling that came back.

"Yeah, it makes you wonder," McKinney says. "You get fined for a clean hit, and then they bounce you around like a Ping-Pong ball and nothing's said about it. I don't want to say it takes anything away from your aggressiveness and your outlook on the game when that stuff happens, but you never know."

"I won't even mention it," Davis says. "I've got enough trouble scoring points without worrying about the league office. That'll come later."

Meanwhile, the Raiders have a new look—and a new quarterback. And this could have its points.

END



THE STORY OF SWEAT:
A WARM, INTIMATE
TALE TOLD IN AN
INOFFENSIVE MANNER

by William Oscar Johnson

CONTINUED

From the beginning of time, an amazing number of poets, prophets, preachers, politicians, playwrights, philosophers, etc., have found something noble, something glorious, even something heroic to say about human sweat. The book of Genesis equated it with life: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Hesiod saw sweat as greasing the path to perfection: "... in front of excellence the immortal gods have put sweat, and long and steep is the way to it, and rough at first." Longfellow raved sweating to an essential American virtue in *The Village Blacksmith*:

*His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.*

And Thomas Alva Edison revealed it to be the essential component in everything from the light bulb to the phonograph to the 1,691 other inventions he patented. "Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration."

Sweat has been romanticized, glamorized, dramatized, yea, canonized over the centuries. Of all the precious bodily fluids, only blood and tears have had a bigger play. But things have changed drastically in the last three decades or so, and sweat's reputation has taken a turn for the worse. In the old days an ode to sweat was really a hymn to the practice of honest,

hard physical labor as well as a paean to the more hard-nosed, puritanical elements of the human character—perseverance, endurance, determination, a never-say-die will to succeed in the face of insuperable odds. Sweat was a verity.

Nowadays we are talking most often about quite a different brand of fluid, about a sort of sweat that oozes out of the dark wells of anxiety. We are talking about sweat produced by guilt, depression, insecurity, by bad marriages, bad news, bad dreams, bad checks, bad tempers, bad vibes, bad luck. We are talking about sweat that breaks out and soaks people who are sitting still in cool rooms. We are talking about nervous sweat, about sweat produced without physical exertion and without hot weather. We are talking about the brand of sweat that has given us a deodorant and antiperspirant industry which last year sold \$360 million worth of creams, sprays, sticks, pads and powders.

George Sheehan, the physician-guru of running, wrote with fierce passion in his book *The Runner* about the phenomenon of sweat in the late 20th century: "I can put up with Madison Avenue using athletes to promote beer and cigarettes and even men's perfume, but when I see athletes in commercials for antiperspirants and deodorants, I rise in protest.

"It just makes no sense. The athlete wants or needs no antiperspirant, no deodorant. He is a hitting, throwing, running, jumping advertisement for sweat. Good honest sweat. The kind of sweat that made America and now has virtually disappeared from the country. The kind of sweat that went down the drain with the advent of an affluent technology and the rise of the service industries. The kind of sweat that was eliminated when our occupations turned from action to conversation."

"For this kind of sweat you need no deodorant. Honest sweat has no odor. . . ."

Well, as sometimes happens with Sheehan, his enthusiasm has driven him into flights of hyperbole. The difference between honest sweat and the other kind isn't really smell any more than it is honesty. The good running doctor is quite

wrong to imply that "honest sweat has no odor," as if there were some sort of dishonest sweat that reeks to the heavens. In fact, for most people fresh perspiration of any sort has no smell of its own. But Sheehan is absolutely correct in what he identifies as the No. 1 cause for the demise of the brand of American sweat that some people rank right up there next to patriotism and prayer as things that Made This Nation Great.

Today the U.S. is populated in large



part by a sedentary, office-bound, technology-oriented breed of worker who labors by means of paper, phones, business machines and various other items known as "managerial tools." No less than 70% of Americans employed in non-agricultural work perform service-oriented jobs, many of which require less physical exercise in a full day than our ancestors got from spending one hour on the porch swing after work. To capture the essence and to understand the extent of the

change that has occurred in the amount of physical exertion involved in work, think for a moment about the sweat produced by the mighty blacksmith at his anvil and compare it to that of the mighty IBM systems analyst in his terminal.

Clearly the sweat in those two examples not only differs enormously in quantity, but also in quality. And therein lies what we might call the physio-psychosocio-economic truth about sweat in late 20th century American society: It's more

often produced by tension and anxiety—call it psycho-sweat—or by voluntary recreational exertion—call it sport sweat—than it ever is by the actual jobs we do. Here we could launch into a discussion of the honesty of our society as mirrored in the honesty of our sweat, but let's skip the sociobabble over the moral function of our sweat glands and move smartly on to the physiological.

Now this is a subject of far more complexity and seriousness than one might

continued

The nose knows. Gillette's Gulliver uses his educated proboscis to sample one of the numerous perfumes that could be added to a deodorant.





Today's worker: apocryphal sweat on the job, eccrine after it.

SWEAT continued

Imagine after a lifetime of hearing TV hucksters reduce the subject of human perspiration to alarm about underarm odor. Sweat—its causes, purposes and effects—is one of man's oldest concerns. Hippocrates, the 5th century B.C. Greek physician, knew that skin gave off an invisible vaporous substance, but he couldn't explain why or how. Nor did he realize that these vapors were closely linked to fluid sweat, the functions of which he understood remarkably well. Not until the great medico and student of anatomy, Galen, tackled perspiration in the 2nd century A.D. in Rome was the mystery of sweat partially unveiled. Having already stunned the medical heavens of his day with the discovery that the arteries are filled with blood, not air as was widely believed, Galen then revealed that the mysterious vaporous secretion was discharged continuously and involuntarily through the skin and respiratory ori-

fices as "insensible perspiration" and that it took the form of a visible fluid, sweat, when the body heated up beyond a certain point.

After Galen's breakthrough, 15 centuries elapsed before anyone added anything markedly new about sweat. Then, in the 17th century, Sanctorius, an Italian physician, built a large metal arm balanced on a fulcrum. He placed weights equal to his body weight on one end of the arm and sat on a platform on the other end for hours at a time—his slow ascension proving beyond doubt that his body was losing weight through so-called "insensible perspiration." Sanctorius continued to perfect and expand on this experiment for 30 years. In 1687, Marcello Malpighi of Rome established the existence of the orifices in the skin, the pores, from which watery droplets flowed. In 1833, Jan Evangelista Purkinje of Bohemia discovered sweat glands and their spiral ducts, and in 1922, the Schieffeledecker of Germany determined that there are two kinds of sweat glands—the eccrine and the apocrine.

A Nobel Prize has never been awarded for scientific work on perspiration, but if there was ever a worthy candidate, it was the late Japanese physiologist Yas Kuno. After 30 years of intense experimentation and investigation with the loyal assistance of some 65 collaborators and technicians, Kuno published in 1956 a 416-page book entitled *Human Perspiration*. Though a portion of its contents has been proved erroneous by subsequent research, *Human Perspiration* ranks as the definitive work on sweat. As Kuno wrote of his years of work, "With regard to the study of perspiration, these three decades may rather be looked upon as a period of renaissance."

According to Kuno, "All the daily sweatings in man may be classified into two groups, the thermal and the mental or emotional sweating. Thermal sweating appears over the whole body surface with the exception of the palms and soles.

Mental or emotional sweating usually appears restrictedly on the palms, soles and axillae [the armpits]—although occasionally on other regions as well."

Also, according to Kuno, women generally sweat less than men, people who live in the tropics are able to sweat more than others, and "athletes perspire more easily and more profusely than untrained people, and this seems to be true also of workmen in hot mines or hot factories."

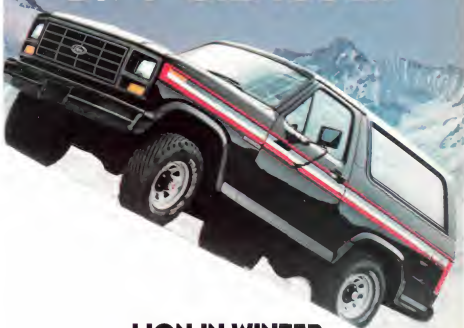
Moreover, according to Kuno, no animal sweats as efficiently as man: "The development of sweat glands and of the associated nervous apparatus has been most highly attained in man, so that human beings stand at the top of the animal kingdom in their ability to keep body temperature constant."

The human nervous and hormonal systems are so sensitive that changes of as little as .1° centigrade trigger the mechanisms, like sweat, that cool or heat the body. The basic, most critical function of sweat is its thermal action, the simple act of cooling the body when it becomes too hot, either because of high external temperatures or from physical exertion. As Kuno wrote, man has by far the most finely tuned cooling system of all mammals, which as a class have the most sophisticated such systems in nature. Even those animals that also have sweat glands—such as the horse, sheep, goat and monkey—don't have as well developed a heat-control apparatus as humans do. On a hot day, sweating animals will have higher body temperatures than usual—will be running fevers, in effect—because their sweat glands aren't capable of pouring out the vast quantities of water needed to hold their body heat at a constant, normal level.

Most mammals rely either on panting or heavy salivation to keep themselves cool. Instead of sweat glands, a dog has a relatively large mouth and tongue; moisture evaporates from the tongue and from the lungs through extra quick and heavy breathing. Lions and tigers routinely increase their respiratory rate from 10 breaths a minute on cool days to 80 or more in the heat of summer. Mice, which have small mouths and no sweat glands, cool off by first drooling saliva on chest and paws and then rubbing it over the rest of their bodies. Elephants, with a huge sweatless body and a small mouth that allows neither heavy panting nor much salivation, keep cool by loading up their

continued

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trunks with water and squirting it all over themselves—a procedure that probably equals the human sweat system in efficiency, and certainly beats it hands down as an all-round fun cooling method.

Nonetheless, the human perspiratory system is enormously sophisticated and terrifically effective in comparison to all others. The skin is, in fact, the largest organ of the human body. And the skin is absolutely peppered with pores, which are mainly orifices for sweat glands.

The two kinds of sweat glands Schefferdecker found in 1922, eccrine and apocrine, are enormously different, in origin, in purpose, in quantity and in quality. Let's begin with the eccrine glands, because they're far and away the more numerous, the more important and the nicer of the two. (As we shall soon see, the apocrine glands may have played a fascinating role in prehistoric human life, and they play an oddly important commercial role today because, interacting with skin bacteria, they're the major producer of the stink that keeps the deodorant industry going. But no one can find that the apocrine glands now perform any remotely useful function in the body's cooling system—or any other system, for that matter.)

There are eccrine glands on every inch

of human skin, from two to five million of them, except for the lips and parts of the genitals. A German anatomist named Karl Friedrich Theodor Krause was the first to actually count them. He established in the mid-19th century that there were precisely 2,381,248 sweat glands on the human body, and if they were linked together into a single super-gland, they would occupy eight square inches of space. Though his exactitude was admired, Krause's census was later found to be, at best, approximate; the total varies considerably from individual to individual. Eccrine glands are present from infancy in the same number they will be in maturity. Thus, the density of the glands in the skin of a baby is eight to 10 times that of a full-grown person, and a baby's sweating system is almost as efficient in its first year as it will be in adulthood.

The eccrine glands are so essential to human life that without them most of us would be unable to tolerate temperatures higher than 80°F. Given any amount of physical exertion, a sweatless body could bake itself to death with heat stroke at much cooler temperatures.

Gil Gleim, chief physiologist at the Institute for Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital, explains the body's cooling system

this way: "There's an area in the central brain, the hypothalamus, that senses the increase in the temperature of the blood caused by a change in thermal conditions. This part of the brain then sets up an excitation of the autonomic nervous system which controls involuntary functions such as blood flow, heart rate, the digestive system and all sweat glands. The brain's reaction causes sweat to be secreted from the eccrine glands. The body surface gets rid of heat in three ways—by radiating it off, by conducting it away through touching something cooler, or by convection when air currents move over the body and cool it. Sweating removes heat from the body when it evaporates due to a flow of air over the skin."

The principle of physics involved in sweat's acting as a body coolant is the same one that comes into play when water turns to steam. As James Watt could have told you, heat is needed to cause the transformation of a liquid into a gas in a teakettle, and the same process occurs in a human when body heat makes sweat turn to vapor on the skin. As Kuno wrote: "One of the most important properties of water, insofar as it pertains to biological systems, is its high latent heat of vaporization. This property is fully utilized in perspiration, as it controls the body temperature by withdrawing heat from the body by vaporization of water."

For every gram of water evaporated, .58 of a Calorie of body heat is used up. In this case, we are talking about a Calorie with a capital "C," or a kilocalorie, which is equivalent to 1,000 small "c" calories. A calorie is the amount of heat needed to raise the temperature of one gram of water 1° Centigrade. (When dieters talk of calories, they mean the large "C" kind.) A liter of sweat will dissipate about 600 Calories' worth of heat from the body during exercise, the equivalent of a temperature reduction of 50°F in a person weighing 165 pounds. Strenuous exercise (such as running or cycling) in hot weather, can result in water losses of as much as two or three liters in an hour. One can even train to sweat better.

According to Dr. David Costill, Director of the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University, an athlete can tolerate a maximum water loss of 8½% to 10% of body weight. In a man weighing 145 pounds, that equals 14 pounds or about a gallon and a half. "However, that would be extremely severe," says Costill.

continued



At the Institute of Sports Medicine, Gleim conducts a sweaty test to check out oxygen consumption.

There are times when a guy just can't smoke.

HARRY GANT



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An apocrine gland (left, with hair follicle) and an eccrine gland. Each type has a spaghetti-like duct that brings sweat to the skin's surface.

ILLUSTRATION BY KIRK MOLDOFF

"Anytime you dehydrate more than two percent of body weight it begins to affect your pulse rate, rectal temperature and your central nervous system. We measured the actual sweat losses of runners at the U.S. Olympic Trials in Alamosa, Colo. in 1968 and of Amby Burfoot when he won the Boston Marathon that year, and the most that I've seen lost, even in a marathon, is five percent to six percent or about three to five liters." Former Dodge-Pitcher Don Newcombe, a noted sweater who had—and has—a far beefier build than any marathoner, claims that on one memorably hot summer afternoon in Montreal, while pitching in a minor league game, he sweated so much he dropped from 220 to 200 pounds. "It took three days of drinking beer to get the weight back," says Newcombe.

Gleim says that athletes are able to produce more sweat—and do it more efficiently—than average people because they ultimately "recruit" more sweat glands to work in the course of repeated training routines. "The same is true of people in hot climates," says Gleim. "They don't have more sweat glands; they

simply have more of them working. Sweating can be an adaptive process in this sense."

Similarly, saunas and steam baths cause people to lose enormous amounts of sweat in a short time, but as with strenuous exercise, prolonged stays in such baths require acclimation. And one must beware of overheating: if there is no airflow in the bath, perspiration won't evaporate and the body won't cool efficiently. Despite widespread belief to the contrary, a sauna doesn't offer any real benefits to an athlete, with the possible exception of a jockey, wrestler or boxer trying to make weight. It may, in fact, be harmful. As Costill points out, "It's important to bear in mind that dehydration affects endurance. If you dehydrate in a sauna or steam bath, you decrease your body weight by three to four percent. Studies indicate that this means you also decrease performance in a 5,000- or 10,000-meter race by six to seven percent." Furthermore, says Costill, a sauna can't prepare an athlete for hot-weather competition. "The only way to acclimatize yourself to heat is to do the work under conditions of

heat," he says. "You can't train in a sauna or steam bath. To become heat-acclimated, a runner must run in that heat for 90 minutes a day for eight days in a row at a fairly high speed."

Though most people think strenuous exercise is an automatic way to work up a sweat, that may not always be the case. Take swimming. Although tests made during distance events held in very warm water—in the Nile and the Amazon, for instance—indicated that endurance swimmers sweat while swimming, test results in cooler water are ambiguous. No one has been able to establish for sure if a swimmer sweats while performing in cool water. But whatever the water temperature, "the demand for cooling from sweating isn't as great while swimming as in dry-land exercise," Gleim says.

Whatever the conditions, men demonstrably sweat more than women, though this doesn't mean that women don't tolerate heat as well as men. Sweat pouring off a male athlete doesn't necessarily indicate that his cooling system is working better than that of someone who's only slightly damp. "If a woman's body remains moist, she's sweating sufficiently," says Costill. "Women appear to be more efficient in their sweating; they produce just enough, whereas men often sweat in excess of what they need. The disadvantage in heavy sweating, of course, is that you also have greater dehydration." Could there also be some truth to the old saw that animals sweat, men perspire, ladies glow?

Jack Gulligan, vice-president of research and development for the Gillette Co., the manufacturer of Right Guard and Soft and Dri deodorants and antiperspirants, among other products, has an obvious, enduring interest in sweat. Gulligan says that tests performed by Gillette have revealed that "the underarm glands in women are larger, yet men put forth a greater rate of perspiration per gland. On the average, a woman sweats 600 milligrams during a 40-minute test period under warm, humid laboratory conditions, while an average man will sweat 600 milligrams under the same conditions."

The fluid secreted from the eccrine glands is 99% pure water, and the rest is a mix of a little sodium chloride (table salt) and far tinier amounts of potassium, urea, lactate and glucose. It was once thought that sweating helped to flush wastes from the body, that sweat glands were in some

way similar to the kidneys. Not so. In 1978 the U.S. Food and Drug Administration published a pamphlet based on hearings and research into ways of regulating the manufacture and marketing of antiperspirants. Among the FDA's findings: "While sweat contains measurable amounts of urea and lactic acid, the popular belief that sweating is necessary to 'purify' the blood in an excretory manner analogous to kidney function is not borne out by fact. Many people live in air-conditioned or other cool environments and suffer no ill effects from the fact that they sweat little or not at all." Kuno, too, found no evidence that sweating was a purgative, for the simple reason that "most constituents of sweat other than water are small in amount."

It's true, however, that the discharge of sodium chloride through sweating could be significant. As Gleim says, "In terms of its evolutionary development, the body has a far greater ability to conserve salt than to get rid of it. An average man will take in something like three times the salt he needs with an average diet. Sweating may be viewed as an aid to keeping the balance right." Costall agrees, saying: "I never saw a marathoner who took salt tablets. They don't need to. The kidneys are an adequate regulator of the body's salt levels provided the diet is a normal one. If you go out for hard exercise and produce a lot of sweat with salt, the kidneys sense this through the hormone system and just excrete less. Because of this, marathoners may not urinate for 24 hours after a race."

Therefore, salt tablets may be of no value to a healthy person, even when sweating excessively from exercise. However, Gleim believes there is a need to replace other elements such as potassium following exercise. He recommends fruit juice for this purpose. He points out that "ergogenic" beverages, such as Gatorade, will also do the trick, but that they are more expensive than juices.

Costall urges athletes to stick to plain water before and during exercise. He discourages the use of fruit juice—"too concentrated"—and pooch-pooches the usefulness of products like Gatorade. "If you listen to the claims of the ergogenic commercials, it's amazing how the human race ever survived without such drinks," he says. "Their concept is that since the body loses electrolytes in sweating, the ideal is to drink the equivalent of sweat to

conserve

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replace them. This is totally impossible. Besides, the concentration of electrolytes in the body goes up, not down, during exertion because of the loss of water."

Whatever an athlete drinks to replace what's lost in sweating, he's going to be faced with the fact that his body can't absorb fluids as fast as it loses them. Even the long-distance runner who "fluid loads"—consumes huge extra amounts of liquids before the start of a race—and stops for a drink at every aid station along his route will end up dehydrated at the finish line. And a lot of weekend athletes don't have the sense to take such precautions, even on a hot, muggy day. "Humans, unlike animals, don't have a good system for knowing when they need water," says Costill. "Many animals can dehydrate three or four pounds, but they'll immediately drink water to replace it. Humans have a sluggish system. We have to drink in excess of what we desire."

If a person suffers too much fluid loss, the sweating mechanisms begin to shut down to prevent further dehydration. Then body temperature rises and symptoms of heatstroke appear—high pulse rate, dizziness, shortness of breath, even delirium. At this point it's far too late to slug down a cup of cold water—a cold drink, though preferable to a hot one, will only minimally affect an overheated body. It's time to get medical help, and fast.

Remember, we're still talking about eccrine glands, the nice sweat glands, which work at the behest of the heat-sensory elements of the nervous system. Thermal sweating is strictly involuntary and is more profuse on the face and upper body than elsewhere. It has no smell and no color and has nothing whatsoever to do with the dark and odoriferous underarm world. Indeed, eccrine sweat is so clean and fresh and invigorating that folks like George Sheehan don't even wash it off. As he writes in *Runner*: "Almost every day in the early afternoon, I change from my street clothes into my running gear and put in a sweaty hour on the roads. At the end of the run I towel off, put my clothes on and go back to work. No shower. Showers are time-consuming and can lead to a chill and all the complications thereof. Showers are also unnecessary if they are used simply to rinse a dilute odorless salt solution off your body."

Too true. Sheehan says that to stay in

good odor, all a person needs is "a daily change of clothes and that old-time favorite, the Saturday night bath"—as long as one sweats only eccrine sweat.

Unfortunately, that isn't possible because of the apocrine glands, which are found in a relatively few places—mainly in the armpits and on the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. Although they are present at birth, they don't become active until puberty. Children sweat pretty much pristine eccrine fluid; they don't become deodorant or antiperspirant consumers until they are about 13 years old. And in old age the apocrine glands gradually become less active for reasons not clearly understood, but probably related to a decrease in sex hormones.

No one is quite sure exactly what these apocrine glands are all about. Their secretion process is slow and stinky, unlike the constant cooling wash of eccrine sweat. For long periods they don't do anything at all, and they seem to be activated only by a particular section of the brain and nervous system. The apocrine glands usually begin to operate suddenly under conditions of anxiety, fear or mental stress, such as anticipation of pain. Says Sheehan: "These glands go into action at the instant of any emotional distress. They can be triggered by any crisis, be it at home or on the job . . . The irony is that the apocrine glands are vestigial organs, which means that anatomists don't know why we have them. They have no apparent function in the human, but like the appendix we still have to contend with them. One way to contend with them is to get rid of the trigger mechanisms of fear and anxiety and guilt and apprehension."

Kuno, too, was puzzled by so-called emotional sweating, writing that certain "phenomena accompanying emotion, such as constriction of the skin vessels, goose skin and glyceria are identical with those appearing in the cooling of the body, but contrary to those induced by heating. It seems very strange that both



The village smith generated all the hottest sweat he needed on the job.

[thermal and emotional] agents act in the same sense in the provocation of sweat." Kuno went on to point out that so-called cold sweat is the product of emotional or sensory stimuli. He found that what could cause cold—or emotional—sweat to rush to the pores of the armpits, palms and soles included doing complex arithmetic problems in one's mind, reading difficult books, "emotion created by unexpected news," uncertainty over the expectation of painful stimulation, and moderate pain sensations, such as a mild electric shock or touching a hot light bulb.

These are about as far as one can get from the hard manual labor that brings sweat to the blacksmith's brow. Yet some investigators believe that these apparently useless, anxiety-excited glands played a big role in human evolution. Galligan, for example, suggests that emotional sweating was once a significant factor. "If you take the skin and wet it, its coefficient of friction goes up," he says. "It's 8.5 times higher on slightly wet skin than it is on dry. So if you happen to be gripping something—a spear or a club or, say, a

continued

rock—and suddenly you notice a must-odon or a saber-toothed tiger charging at you, the sweat in your palms will give you a better grip on your weapon, won't it? Of course, if thermal sweat is added to this emotional sweat, the palm will become too wet, and the ability to better grip an object will be lost—as with a slippery tennis racket. Also, some emotional sweat on the soles of your feet will give you better friction with the ground that would allow you to run more quickly, to get off to a faster start and to avoid slipping in front of whatever beast or monster is chasing you. And the lubrication from sebum, an oily substance from the sebaceous glands found in the hairy areas under the arms and between the legs, possibly worked to ease friction and prevent chafing when running away from—or after—something. I think it's very possible that our ancestors survived back in the Stone Age

on human palms or soles can probably be traced back to the fact that many animals produce a form of sweat on the pads of their feet at times of alarm or stress, presumably to get better traction.

As for the mysterious presence of apocrine glands in the armpits, they might be a leftover from when man's ancestors needed a sexy scent to attract a partner. Apocrine sweat could be the vestige of a kind of human pheromone, a hormonal substance containing sexual communicators that are released by many insects as well as higher animals. If so, humans would be the only creatures to have their sexual communications system in the armpits rather than in the vicinity of the sex organs. Kuno thought this might be so, because "The human race is inferior to the majority of mammals in the sensitivity of the olfactory organ, and, according to Schaefferdecker, this is because

thus, the scents used to attract a mate got farther away, too.

And with the nose located five feet above the ground, the axilla "is in an advantageous position" wrote Kuno, and that's the reason armpit secretions developed in man. "If it be true that the axillary scent has an attraction for the other sex," said Kuno, "the sudden discharge of the axillary scent at emotional stimuli is of great significance."

Even the cautious panel of experts who contributed to the FDA pamphlet on antiperspirants stated that it was possible that a human pheromone might well be wafting from armpits even today: "Consider the evidence that might suggest that the adult human axilla is a useful, functioning source of sexual attractant. Axillary sweating functions apart from the usual thermo-regulatory sweating system. It is stimulated by emotional signals, not just heat. It becomes active only after puberty. The combination of a potentially odorous substrate, a hospitable, warm, moist environment for the requisite bacterial growth; a large volume of evaporate vehicle for odor dissemination, and a wicklike tuft of hair all point to an efficient system for broadcasting chemical signals." Obviously, discussions of putative human pheromones are now no more than speculative, but this Panel feels that it would be erroneous to dismiss out of hand the presence of useful olfactory exchange between humans or that axillary odor might serve that purpose.

This brings us to the inescapable, ironic and rather sad fact that what may have once been the sweetest, sexiest fragrance known to early man has come to be judged so repulsive that millions are spent each year in hopes of annihilating it. The odors that once marked our hours of greatest bliss are now overwhelmed by the perfumed scents of Right Guard, Old Spice, Secret and Ban. Is this progress?

Well, the sexiness of underarm sweat is only supposition, of course. In fact, it's not only uptight 20th-century man who has tried to rid himself of the dread scourge Body Odor. The practice of dousing oneself with perfume and various sweet-smelling bath oils can be traced back to 4th-century B.C. Egypt. During the 17th century, the French raised to an art—and, in the process, created an industry—the use of perfumed oils and colognes to mask the smells of humanity. Yet it isn't certain that our ancestors

continued



Back in 1905, Edison worked on the 1% aspirator part of his famous capron in Mexico Park, N.J.

because of apocrine sweat. The better our ancestors sweated, the fitter they were to survive."

Kuno pointed out that the habit of spitting on one's hands to prepare for physical exercise or hard work is physiological, not ethnological, in origin, as shown by the fact that it is an almost universal practice.

The explanation for why sweat occurs

man has cultivated the habit of walking on foot. . . . Animal scents useful for their life are usually left on the ground and can be traced by animals as their nostrils are in a position not far from the ground." Kuno went on to suggest that as man's immediate ancestors slowly rose from all fours and took to walking on what had been their hind legs, their noses got farther and farther from the ground and,

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knew that sweat caused B.O. The FDA said: "The relationship between body odor and perspiration was undoubtedly little understood during ancient times, and the practices used either washed away or masked unpleasant body odor."

The connection with perspiration was made in the 19th century, and in 1888 the first deodorant came on the market. It was called Mum and was followed in 1902 by Everdry and in 1908 by Hush, both antiperspirants. In 1914 Odo-Ro-No became the first to advertise in magazines. Its message was that it could remedy excessive perspiration and keep women's dresses "clean and dainty." There was no mention of the social offense given by the odor of sweat until 1919, when the antiperspirant Odo-Ro-No introduced the bad-smell-equals-social-outcast approach.

The early antiperspirants were far from perfect. During the 1930s, the American Medical Association would only deign to discuss them in the *Quacks and Nostromes* section of its journal. In fact, many of the early products were so harsh they caused severe rashes in the armpits and made clothing rot. During the 1940s antiperspirants and deodorants were considered pretty much for women only, but since then men have regularly antinounced their armpits in increasing numbers. No less than 91% of American women use deodorants and antiperspirants on an average of 7.6 times a week, while 84% of men apply them 7.5 times a week. For the record, deodorants, which contain antiseptics for suppressing bacterial growth, are classified as cosmetics by the FDA because they do not affect a bodily function, while antiperspirants, which literally plug the pores to prevent sweat from emerging, are considered drugs. Both are usually perfumed and many products have ingredients with both deodorant and antiperspirant properties. By the way, any athlete who avoids antiperspirants for fear they'll clog up his cooling system should rest assured that these products suppress only 20 to 40% of underarm sweat and that that kind of sweat isn't important in cooling anyway. States the FDA: "The axillary sweat glands do not appear to be essential to the proper functioning of this thermo-regulatory system." So roll, swab or spray with impunity before that next marathon.

We will now touch, though briefly and a bit skittishly, on the unpleasant subject



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Women who realize the great importance of personal cleanliness are grateful to "Mum" for the complete sense of protection it gives them against the unpleasant odor of perspiration and other body odors.

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Mum was going strong by 1926 when this ad ran in "The Red Book Magazine"

of precisely how apocrine fluid becomes so offensive. The FDA report described apocrine sweat as being "milky, viscous and pale gray," as well as "odorless when it reaches the surface of the skin." It becomes "odoriferous only upon bacterial decomposition," and when dried it's like "glistening glue-like granules."

Thus, it's not the sweat itself that causes offense, but what's done to it by the teeming crowds of bacteria found on the skin of every human being. According to Galligan, "There are hundreds of types of bacteria on everyone's skin," he says. "The mixture differs with every person—in fact differs every day on the same person. The possible variations are infinite. The bacteria on our bodies do not thrive in a dry environment. They like a wet place where they can settle down to live and eat. They are nourished on apocrine sweat and on skin oils—such as sebum. When they eat these oils, they liberate fatty acids which have a low molecular weight and tend to evaporate into the air, which is where you can smell them. If it isn't treated or cleaned up, the smell created by the bacterial process of breaking down the oil gets worse each day for about a week. But then it reaches a steady state. There is no more room for more bacteria to reproduce. Things have reached a point of good living for the bacteria. Everyone is well and getting enough to eat, so the odor is no worse after months than after that first week."

These happy colonies of bacteria are known as microbial flora, and exist only in warm, wet conditions. Apocrine sweat, like eccrine sweat, remains odorless for days, even weeks, if it is kept in cool, clean conditions. So even it is initially as clean as honest sweat.

And now we return to our original theme, the decline of the quality of sweat in America. What's to be done about it? It's already being done. The fitness boom is probably nature's way of telling us to be ourselves. Human beings have always been strong and active creatures—hunters, warriors, farmers, laborers, food gatherers, child rearing—and however sedentary our work may become or however thoroughly we may suffocate our "pheromones" in a surfeit of perfume, we still must sweat. And if we do it by jogging along a street instead of running for our lives from a saber-toothed tiger, so be it. To sweat honestly is also to sweat joyfully.

END

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First Person

by BARRY LEE WEISBERG

IF YOU THINK IT'S DIFFICULT TO WIN A MARATHON, JUST TRY FINISHING LAST

Winning the New York City Marathon is easy. Bill Rodgers has done it four times and Greta Waitz three. No one, however, has been durable or quite savvy enough to finish *fast* even twice. I know, because I've tried.

Winning is the usual route to fame; one might even say it's boringly conventional. On the other hand, losing—and receiving acclaim for losing—is really something to be proud of. For all the thousands of runners entered in the marathon, only one can finish first and only one can finish last. The recent record shows that the latter may be more difficult.

On Sunday, Oct. 26, 1980 I set out to come in last in the marathon. In the 1979 marathon I'd come close to attaining that goal. When I submitted my race registration forms that year, I truly believed I could make myself undergo an intensive 12-week training program designed to prepare my mind and body for running a reasonably competitive marathon.

However, my devotion to training rapidly evaporated in the heat and humidity of the summer. Nonetheless, I somehow convinced myself that I could crawl out of bed in the wee hours of marathon Sunday and miraculously complete the 26 miles and 385 yards in 3:30 or less. This fantasy persisted despite a total lack of training until I attempted a long run two weeks before the marathon. After 12 miles I ran smack into the so-called wall. It finally dawned on me that it might be a wise idea to hang up my New Balances.

But when I learned that a local TV station intended to present a feature on the last finisher in the marathon, my interest was instantly rekindled. Suddenly I again felt equal to the formidable task of running the race. But I decided to have some fun and try to finish last.

That Sunday I started very slowly and made it rather easily to the back of the pack. No serious competition was in sight. I was creeping a beautiful race

through the first 20 miles until I met a middle-aged man whose blistered feet made his pace even slower than mine. He posed a great threat to my quest. I couldn't allow him to fall behind me lest he somehow summon the wherewithal to finish the race.

I began faking great pain and walked with him for a while. We stopped for past-tram sandwiches and lemonade. After that interlude he pulled ahead of me near the finish line. Then, feigning pain and suppressing guilt, I limped heroically across the finish line 6 hours and 54 minutes after the start of the race.

As soon as I hit the tape, a microphone was thrust in my face. Celebrity status was mine!

"How does it feel to finish last?" the guy with the mike asked.

I innocently looked around. "Rodgers get here yet?" I asked.

"What's your reaction to Rodgers' two-hour and 10-minute finishing time?"

I responded that "anyone could fool around and run 26 miles in two hours or so, but it takes a real competitor to do it for almost seven hours."

For a full 10 minutes I was the darling

marathon. When I saw her race number I moved sideways hoping that the remaining members of the press would fail to notice her. But they didn't. They dropped me like a hot potato and flocked around their new celeb. My glory became hers.

It turned out I wasn't even close to last; four other people finished behind me. As I walked disconsolately away, all I had to soften my disappointment was the old cry of "wait 'til next year."

I started training for the 1980 marathon early. I embarked upon a daily regimen of overeating that added 15 pounds of useless fat to my frame. On July 1, 1980 I strategically chipped a bone and tore some ligaments in my left ankle while playing basketball. That lucky break enabled me to studiously avoid for weeks to come any exercise that might leave me in reasonably good condition.

For the '80 marathon I also had the advantage of a year's experience under my belt. I felt that the wisdom I'd gained would prove invaluable in the later, crucial stages of the marathon.

Not that I was leaving anything to chance. I carefully planned my race garb to ensure continual, progress-impeding conversation with the assembled multitudes along the course. I purchased a T shirt that bore a picture of King Kong (another famous loser) embracing the Empire State Building. And with the memory of my '79 fiasco firmly in mind, I had the words **LAST PLACE OR BUST**, AGAIN emblazoned on the lower portion of the shirt.

I was up about 5:30 a.m. on the day of the race and felt perfectly lousy. Things couldn't have looked better. On the bus ride from Lincoln Center to the starting point at the Staten Island end of the Verrazano Bridge, I was enveloped by a feeling of supreme confidence. I looked at the characteristic spindly legs and emaciated bodies of the dedicated runners around me, and it was easy to see that at least 95% of them could whip me even if I weren't trying to lose. I only had to worry about the 5% of slouches and goof-offs who might stumble across the finish line after me.

Before the race started, my fellow competitors were busy stretching or

continued



of the press. I was the loser who'd finally hit it big. I was really having a good time. The score clocks had been taken down, and I would be known forever as the last-place finisher in the 1979 New York City Marathon. Arrangements were made by members of the press and television to contact me at home for further interviews and an in-depth feature.

And then, catastrophe.

I saw a female runner, gasping and panting, closing in on the finish line—and my newly exalted status. I fervently hoped that she had nothing to do with the

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lounging all over the place. They were wiping blister-preventing Vaseline into and over every nook and cranny of their bodies. I casually stood around and ate donuts.

As we lined up for the start I tucked an unlit cigar into the corner of my mouth. I put some spare cigars and some donuts in the trash bag I carried. I then put on a Santa Claus hat to ensure a total loss of respectability. It worked.

Mayor Koch fired the opening cannon, and we were off across the bridge. I once again headed to the very back of the field. The spectators along the route were enthusiastically responsive. After all, who could possibly root against Santa? Many offered me a match for the cigar; the more conservative cautioned that smoking was bad for my health.

I ran at a very relaxed pace for almost 10 miles through Brooklyn and learned that Alberto Salazar had already won the race. The crowds were all but gone now. *This was a definite signal to me to show my true competitive strength.* I broke into a walk.

During my lonely stroll toward the Queensboro Bridge I overtook an English runner named Eric, in no hurry himself. When I told him about my quest, he decided to join in, much to my chagrin. Fortunately, the chilling winds buffeting the bridge persuaded him to drop out of the race, and I breathed a little easier. I treated him to a hot chocolate at a coffee shop near the 17-mile mark, in Manhattan, and, like a reasonable person, he returned to the warm comfort of his hotel.

I was now entering the strategic phase of the race. The task ahead of me required nerves of steel. Would I be tough enough? As I walked up First Avenue I came across a 25-year-old New Yorker who stood about 6'3" and weighed in at something near 275 pounds. Although a competitor, he was at this point walking the course with a 12-year-old boy from Poughkeepsie.

The pace set by this Mutt and Jeff convinced me that they would prove to be stiff competition. I walked with them for half a mile until I was greeted by two friends who appeared on the course at a prearranged place. We chatted for a while, allowing my competitors to move on and develop a slight lead.

Several minutes later I continued my promenade. But then, one of my friends

continued

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FIRST PERSON *continued*

ran up to me and said that a young woman was several blocks behind me. I walked just slowly enough to allow her to overtake me at the 19-mile mark. She eventually joined up with Muti and Jeff, and that weary trio, some 75 yards ahead of me, edged ever so slowly toward the finish line in Central Park.

I would have been content to maintain that distance for the remaining five or six miles, but the day's light was dwindling. I started to fear that at the snail's pace the threesome was setting, we'd cross the finish line to find a deserted park. Thus I reluctantly joined my fellow runners in the hope that I could speed them up. I even offered to give the plucky youngster a piggyback ride, but he'd have none of it. We finally hit Central Park and had about three miles to go. Evening had fallen, and it was bone-chillingly cold. Although I feared that my companions would try to upstage me by coming in behind me, I valiantly outlasted them and they eventually edged ahead.

I finished some 10 yards behind the woman and just in front of an ambulance that signified the end of the race. It was 6:07 p.m. and I had spent seven hours, 37 minutes and 42 seconds on the course.

The television cameras were long gone and only a handful of people were milling around at the finish line when I finally arrived. I was declared the last-place finisher and some race officials briefly interviewed me.

I was hoping for a larger reception from the media, but was buoyed by my ability to match my boast and finish last. Victory was, at last, mine!

To my joyous surprise when I returned home that evening, I was interviewed over the phone by the Associated Press and *The Miami Herald*. *The New York Post* sent a photographer over after midnight to get me with my Santa Claus hat and victory cigar.

The following day I came to understand the joys and strains of celebrity status. Nearly every TV station and newspaper in New York City called me at work requesting an interview. My boss told me that I was disrupting the office (even more than usual) and that I should take a vacation day and go home.

During this hectic activity a staffer from a local TV station, while arranging an interview with me, mentioned that a check of the computer showed that some-

one else had finished last, but that they would interview me anyway. I confidently shrugged off the suggestion that anyone could have lost to me and thought to myself that this must be a feeble jest.

I spent the rest of the day taping interviews, posing for photographs and then watching myself on the early evening news. Two promoters actually called to tantalize me with the possibility of endorsements, wealth and national fame. It was reassuring to see awfulness so richly rewarded.

But I was surprised, to say the least, by what happened next. On the late news, Salazar was shown with the last-place finisher in the marathon, and I astutely observed that he wasn't me. The world was informed in no uncertain terms that Anthony Geremia, a 38-year-old engineer, was the official last-place finisher. About that time I began to suspect that the television staffer hadn't been kidding me. My phone stopped ringing.

The final blow came in the following day's edition of the *New York Post*. It carried an AP story with the headline WEISBERG LOSES LAST PLACE FINISH. The story said that my claim to fame as a last-place finisher in the New York Marathon had been undermined and I was declared to be "a loser all the way around." Apparently, the ambulance had lost track of Geremia and on Monday race director Fred Lebow declared him to be the last-place finisher. The promoter who had promised to get me endorsements for a thirst-quenching beverage and a line of durable sporting-goods equipment didn't return my phone calls.

People on the streets of New York were ignoring me again. The only phone calls I got were wrong numbers. My friends stayed up late to watch Geremia on the *Tomorrow Show* with Tom Snyder.

But, if my fame was gone, I still had a book full of newspaper clippings with which to impress girl friends and to silence doubts of future friends about my moment of glory. And, of course, there is still this year.

A few days after the last clipping was pasted into place, thieves slashed their way into my 1972 convertible and removed my radio and all of the contents of the car—including my marathon scrapbook. Now I'm sure that I was the biggest loser running in the 1980 New York City Marathon.

END

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The agents who founded The Cincinnati Insurance Company tried to found a company that was different, that would respond with products that would meet the needs of both customers and agents alike. That philosophy, combined with an old fashioned commitment to the work ethic, has made us what we are today, one of the most exciting companies in the entire insurance industry.

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Of course, that isn't to say we haven't built a better mousetrap, because we have. Our claims service, for example, is superior. Our three hundred claims adjusters are committed to customer service. Their attitude is one of trying to find what they can pay in a settlement rather than trying to

discover the loophole that would keep them from having to pay. We don't believe in telephone adjusting for just that reason, preferring a direct, personal contact with our insurance customer during a time of need.



"A commitment to people and an old-fashioned belief in the work ethic, that's what makes us special," says Bob Morgan, President, The Cincinnati Insurance Company.

It is pleasing to all of us that our efforts have been recognized nationally by some of the toughest critics our industry has. Only last year, for example, the stringent Illinois Insurance Department rated The Cincinnati Insurance Company among the top ten companies licensed in that state for its record of having fewer consumer complaints per thousand dollars of coverage. The tough Michigan Insurance Department placed The Cincinnati Insurance Company above comparison with other insurance firms due to the record of only one consumer complaint all that year.

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Robert B. Morgan, President
The Cincinnati Insurance Company

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On The Scene

by SAM MOSES

BIKES ONCE CONSIDERED TO BE LOSERS ARE BECOMING POPULAR CRUISERS

When we were kids, we all had balloon-tire bicycles. Then one kid got a Raleigh. It had skinny tires and a narrow seat and three speeds; it looked ever so exciting, and it was foreign to boot, which made it a sports car in our eyes. So we all cajoled our parents into pushing our old bikes into the basement and buying us racy new Raleighs.

But not John Stroh, the fat kid on the block. Fat John stood firmly by his Roadmaster, which had a wide, soft seat and a spring suspension, as well as those wide balloon tires. And he was made to suffer for it, heckled and teased that he needed all that cushioning because he was so fat. I joined in the tormenting of John Stroh.

I also secretly hated my Raleigh. Its skinny tires transmitted the bumps right up my arms to my teeth, and I was afraid to stand up and pedal, for when I did the gears would invariably slip and I'd be all but castrated on the crossbar. I would have swapped the Raleigh for a cushy Roadmaster in a minute, but of course I couldn't admit it: Fat John's retribution would have been merciless, and my father, who was out \$56 because of my whim, would have locked me in the basement with my old bike.

Then I got older, and three-speeds became 10. Having had the Raleigh experience, I couldn't understand the attraction of 10-speeds. Just look at one: Outside of racing or flat-out touring, what is it good for? How many people use all those gears anyway? Those handlebars! Just try to tell me that 10-speed riders don't choke down screams of pain from their aching backs. Those tires! Why do you think tire pumps are standard equipment on 10-speeds? Those seats! My God, those seats! Why would anyone choose to sit on such a thing voluntarily?

These days I ride a resurrected balloon-tire Schwinn, '50s vintage (I'd have a Roadmaster if I could find one; they're coveted by collectors today). I bought it from Stan the junkman for \$12. Its handlebars are longhorn-style, the seat

homemade from foam rubber and duct tape, no stiff back or buns for me. I can ride over curbs with it—try that with your 10-speed—and I don't have to chain it up every time I leave it. I love to watch it fall over when I dismount and blithely walk away.

But as much as I truly love that old bomber, it's about to be retired, to be replaced by a cruiser. A state-of-the-art cruiser is the perfect bastard: a lightweight, multi-speed bike with balloon tires and a soft seat. These bikes are new, but are based on models popular in the 1930s. Cruisermania hasn't swept very far east from Laguna Beach as of yet, but if there's a sure bet in this world, it's that what's hot on wheels in Laguna today will burn up Aloha tomorrow.

Quite a few companies make cruisers: Cook Bros., Ross, Bassett, Torker—even Schwinn and Huffy. The cruiser heartland is the Orange County coastal area, where one of the oldest cruiser producers, Laguna Distributors, Inc., is located. "Old" in this market means six or seven years; and for the first four or five years the only Laguna Cruiser was a simple one, not much different from my bomber.

It is the Deluxe Laguna Cruiser that

have all that trick stuff on your cruiser or you're not even close," says H. Allan Seymour II, a surfer and independent film producer from Capistrano Beach, standing next to his 10-year-old daughter's Laguna Cruiser. The seat post is well lubed, for he slides it up to fit himself for frequent beer runs to the corner market and trips to the beach to check out the surf. The next trick will probably be orange flames on the crossbar. "I've always wanted something with flames," he says, fairly leering at the bike as his daughter rolls her eyes.

The Deluxe model has caliper front brakes, knobby tires for off-road riding and is a three-speed with internal gears in the rear hub. The top-of-the-line Schwinn cruiser-type bike is a chromoly-framed five-speed called the King-Sing. It is like a giant motorcross bike and is about 15 pounds lighter than the conventional cruiser. There are even 10-speed cruisers available, for diehards. Ten-speed cruisers are becoming popular in Crested Butte, Colo., where the riding is steep and the bicyclists are serious. A basic cruiser can be had for as little as \$75, a custom chromoly 15-speed number for as much as \$2,400.

A ride through the streets of Laguna Beach today will turn up cruisers galore. There is a father out pedaling with his baby strapped in the little seat behind him, a paper boy hopping curbs and skidding across wet lawns like a motorcycle flat-tracker, a kid popping wheelies up the street, the point job on his cruiser pure road art.

Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, cyclists ride to work daily, unaware of cruisermania. They're too busy dealing with carbon monoxide and wayward taxis and delivery trucks—not to mention backaches and butt aches, for most of them ride 10-speeds. But there is no better example of a place where a good cruiser would blow a 10-speed out of the water—on safety, given its handling and brakes, on comfort, and even speed, considering the conditions.

It all seems obvious to me. Cruisers are destined to take over the world. They make too much sense not to. But then Fat John Stroh probably could have told us that 25 years ago.



represents a technological leap. Virtually every metal component is alloy, including the handlebars, cranks, rims, hubs—down to the valve caps. Even the frame can be ordered in chromoly. The alloy is anodized in bright gold or blue or red, and to use the lingo of Jamie the Laguna Kid, the fifth-grade towhead who is the factory rider in local cruiser-class dirt-track races, "It looks really radical." Indeed, a black Laguna Cruiser with gold-anodized handlebars and wheels looks as exotic as a John Player Lotus.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 12-18

Compiled by JANE E. BACHMAN

BASEBALL—The New York Yankees swept the Oakland A's in their best-of-five Championship Series to win the American League pennant, and the Los Angeles Dodgers beat the Montreal Expos 3-1 in the fifth game of their series to win the National League championship (page 22).

BOWLING—JOE HUTCHINSON beat George Pappas 212-170 to win the \$100,000 PBA Regional Champions Classic in Reading, Pa.

PRO FOOTBALL—It was bomb-again in the NFL. Take Cincinnati, which Pittsburgh seriously didn't do. The Bengals won 14-7, for their third straight over the Steelers, as Ken Anderson completed 16 of 28 passes for 346 yards and two touchdowns, one a 75-yarder to rookie Wade Reed. David Woodley, the game's Cincinnati special-teams coach of the AFC Central lead because Houston was defeated 38-10 by New England Patriots Steve Gronow, who had been benched in the second round of the season, returned to the starting role in style, throwing touchdown passes of 42 and 10 yards to Stanley Morgan and Andy Johnson, respectively, and then scampering 24 yards for a score of his own. The win lifted the team from the AFC East cellar for the first time this season in Baltimore led 1-6 with a 40-14 win to San Diego. Chargers Chuck Muncie and John Carpathian each scored twice, while Dan Fouts passed for three touchdowns and 238 yards to give San Diego a share of the AFC West title, tied with Denver and Kansas City. The Chiefs got in on the act by stopping the Broncos 23-14. San Francisco, behind Joe Montana's second straight passing, extended its win streak to four with a 13-3 defeat of Green Bay. The 49ers thus claimed the NFC West lead as Los Angeles lost to Dallas 19-17. That helped the Cowboys maintain their NFL East-leading Philadelphia, which lost its first game of the season 32-23 to Minnesota and the NFL's No. 1 offense. Tony Stewart threw for four touchdowns and 257 yards as the Vikings won their fifth straight and took the NFC Central lead from Tampa Bay, victors of a 16-10 comeback, when QB Dan Fouts' NFL leader Muncie joined the Eagles in dropping from the unbeaten ranks as it lost 38-21 early in the week to Buffalo and then barely survived, 13-10, against hapless Washington. On Sunday the 49ers staged an early-season showstopper by defeating Seattle with the Gaucha's Joe Durek leading a club record six field goals, one for 54 yards. Steve Barkan made three two-touchdown passes to Alfred Jenkins and ran more to William Andrews as the Falcons ended a three-game losing streak with a 41-20 victory over St. Louis. New Orleans rookie George Rogers ran 75 yards for a touchdown—the longest scoring run in Saints history—but it wasn't enough as the Browns rallied from a four-point deficit to win 20-17.

GOLF—JERRY PATE shot a 17-under-par 271 to win the \$200,000 Pensacola Open by three strokes over Steve Melnik.

HIT—BOB HOOGRIEVE, 35, of Des Peres, Mo., beat Bob Levin Jr., 37, of Warren, Ohio, to win up the inaugural Mid-America Championship in St. Louis.

HARNESS RACING—GENCHIS KHAN (510.66), Shelly Goodman driving, won the \$228,000 American Racing Classic Series at Hollywood Park by 1 1/2 lengths over Junior Johnston. The 3-year-old colt led the 1 1/2 miles in 2:09.

HOCKEY—The Bruins took to the road and won three straight games, from Chicago, 8-5, Colorado, 8-1, and Los Angeles, 5-4. Facing the offense were Rick MacLeish and rookie wing forward Lenn Hill, who scored a total of eight goals on the week. The victories lifted Boston to the Adams Division lead at Buffalo and Montreal, and won games twice and then two goals or 3-3 to return one point behind the Bruins.

The Sabres had taken two 4-2 victories from Quebec and Hartford while the Canadiens, who had 30 goals through the season's first five games, had beaten Vancouver 10-4 and Hartford 7-2 behind Mario Tremblay's second career hat trick. Philadelphia won twice against Washington, 3-4 and 5-2, and then defeated Minnesota 2-1 to tie the franchise for the Patrick Division lead. New York kept pace with the Flyers as Wing Mike Bossy, last season's league scoring champion, had a pair of goals in each of two 4-1 wins over Pittsburgh and Vancouver. The Islanders then won their third of the week, 5-4 against the Rangers, who earlier had beaten Vancouver 2-1 for their first win of the season. San Jose won Winnipeg, which lost last year had the NHL's worst record and all of two away victories, defeating Edmonton 4-2 and Calgary 3-4—both on the road—before losing 4-2 to Colorado. Those wins boosted the Jets toward the top of the Norris Division one point behind Minnesota and Detroit. Edmonton and Vancouver during the week but nonetheless remained tied for the Smythe Division lead.

HORSE RACING—APALACHEE HONEY (35), BB Shoemaker up, finished 8 1/2 lengths ahead of Chelino Thoroughbred in the \$5,000 Kentucky Stakes at Keeneland. The 2-year-old filly covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:45.5.

OPEN CALL (515.70), Jorge Velazquez up, won the \$300,750 Canadian International Championship stakes at Woodbine. The 3-year-old gelding ran the 1 1/4 miles on turf in 2:25.4 to beat 3 1/2 lengths behind Rainbow Connection.

MOTOR SPORTS—ALAN JONES, averaging 97.9 mph in a Williams, finished 20.048 seconds ahead of Alain Prost in a Renault to win the Las Vegas Grand Prix, covering the 1 1/4 miles of the 2.2-mile road course in 1:44:09.077. NELSON PIQUET won the 1981 world driving title with a fifth-place finish (page 20).

TENNIS—GENE MAYER defeated Adriano Panatta 6-3, 6-2 to win the \$150,000 City of Naples tournament in Italy. Earlier in the week ROMAN BORIS beat Jose Luis Clerc 6-2, 6-2, 7-5 to win the \$300,000 L'Amorino Challenge in Alberta.

JOHN McENROE successfully defended his title in the \$201,750 Australian Indoor Championships with a 6-4, 7-5, 6-2 victory over Roscoe Tanner in Sydney.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Andre Jaeger 6-6, 6-3, 6-0 to win a \$125,000 tournament in Deerfield Beach, Fla.

MILWAUKEE—FIRBY, by the San Diego Padres, Manager FRANK HOWARD, 45, who had a one-year 41-69 record with the club. He was the eighth manager in the Padres' 13-year history.

NAMED As manager of the Toronto Blue Jays, BOBBY COX, 40, who had earlier been fired as skipper of the Atlanta Braves (1978-1981). He replaces JERRY MATTECK, now Toronto's executive coordinator of baseball operations, who was 104-164 in two years as Blue Jay manager.

As executive vice-president and general manager of the Chicago Cubs, GALLAS GREEN, 47, who had a 35-48 record and won one world's championship at 25, succeeds as field manager of the Philadelphia Phillies.

DIED—PEGGY NEPPH DARRAH, 28, former women's world-record holder in the three-mile, 5,000-meter and 10,000-meter runs, of cancer, in Ames, Iowa.

BILL MUNCIE, 52, a manager driver in multiple hydroplane racing history with 64 career victories and seven national titles, of injuries suffered when his boat flipped over during a race in Acapulco while traveling 175 mph.

FACES IN THE CROWD

CLARENCE CHAFFEE

Washington, D.C.



Chaffee, 66, a retired tennis coach, compiled a "grand slam" by winning four USTA championships in the 40-and-over age group. Within four weeks, he won the hard-court, grass, clay and indoor titles.

DAVE MEGALLA

New York City



Megalla, 46, a secretary, ran 126 miles, 349 yards during a 24-hour event in Greenwich, Conn. to establish a women's world record for distance covered in one day. She surpassed the previous mark by three miles, 136 yards.

PAT MCGOWLEY

Wichita Falls, Tex.



Pat, 7, scored 43 goals in 11 games, including six in each of four matches, to lead the Redwicks to the Woodstock Pee-Wee League soccer title. He had the only goal in the all-star game and scored three times in his team's 5-0 title-clinching win.

GARY NEWSON

London, Texas



Gary, a senior softball and linebacker, had 11 solo tackles, rushed for 246 yards on 33 carries and had three TD runs, one for 67 yards, in a 28-27 win for Jackson Central Memory High. He also has scored on runs of 98, 83 and 82 yards.

EVELYN GLICK

St. Louis



Glick, 70, won the women's golf championship at Woodhouse Country Club with a three-hole victory over Arlene Birmingham, 41, to regain a title she had won every year from 1939 to 1943. She hadn't played in the event since '43.

RICKY SMITH

Wichita, Kans.



Ricky, a third-grader at Washburn Elementary School, won the Minnesota 65-pound wrestling title in Fannett, Minn. to give him three state championships in as many years. He has won all of his 92 career matches and has scored 70 pins.

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September 29, 1981



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October 16, 1981

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\$1000

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\$1000

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE GREAT GRETZKY & CO.

Sir,

The article by E.M. Swift on The Great Wayne Gretzky (*The Best and Getting Better*, Oct. 12) was itself great! One can only hope the NHL capitalists on this wonderland and his style of play. Who said the NHL couldn't be exciting without violence? Isn't it interesting that unquestionably the best player in the league won the Lady Byng Memorial Trophy as the most gentlemanly player and the MVP award in the same year?

CLUCK EGNER
East Thetford, Vt.

Sir,

Wayne Gretzky the best player in the NHL? Without question? Aren't you forgetting Bryan Trottier, the Islanders' star center?

MITCH NATHANSON
West Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir,

So The Great Gretzky goes behind the net, a tactic that may revolutionize the game of hockey. That's nice! Any of the kids on the streets of north Baltimore carrying lacrosse sticks could have told him about it. It's been a primary offensive tactic in lacrosse for years. And lacrosse isn't unknown in Canada.

ALEX OWENS
Prattville, Ala.

LESTER HAYES

Sir,

I must compliment you on Paul Zimmerman's well-written article *Violent and Eloquent* (Oct. 5). Lester Hayes is a fine football player and, from what I've read, a fine person as well. A stunter myself, I have nothing but admiration for this man who has deflected his speech impediment. He has shown me that stuttering can be conquered.

JOHN C. HATHAWAY
Columbia, S.C.

Sir,

Your article celebrating the "head butt" tackling technique used by Lester Hayes, one of the most successful defensive backs in professional football, was circulated throughout our law office with great interest. We have defended products-liability actions brought against football helmet manufacturers for more than 10 years and intend to continue that representation. We do not now and never have represented Riddell, Inc., however.

Your glorification of a violent tackling technique long recognized as the leading cause of quadriplegia in football players is hypocritical in view of your pious and self-indulgent August 1978 series, *Brutality—The Crusade for Football*. The Oct. 5 article is also responsible and incredibly dangerous.

It is irresponsible to allow Hayes to charac-

terize the "head butt" as a "Riddell technique," when anyone remotely familiar with football knows that all helmet manufacturers are horrified at the prospect of their helmet being used as a weapon and specifically warn against the potential catastrophic consequences arising from the use of such techniques. And it is dangerous because of the probability that college, high school or youth league players, their parents and coaches will be inspired by your article to adopt the "Hayes technique." As an attorney faced on a daily basis with the human tragedy caused by football accidents at all levels of play, and as an individual who cares about youngsters in general and those involved in football in particular, I'm furious at the damaging effect your article will have on the efforts of countless concerned individuals to prevent needless carnage on the football field. The current movement in many areas to ban football in interscholastic competition is in great measure fueled by the very injuries your article could help to perpetuate. You have pushed football tackling back into the dark ages.

Somebody should throw a flag on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Lester Hayes.

DANIEL PATTERSON
Attorney
Rusi, Armesis & Schwartz, P.C.
Sacramento

Sir,

As president of Riddell, Inc., I want every football player in America to know that the head butt described by Oakland Cornerback Lester Hayes as the "Riddell technique," is illegal under high school, collegiate and, under some circumstances, professional rules and is contrary to the clear warning placed in the football helmet by all manufacturers. Hayes is correct in saying that using this technique is "biting with disaster." The disaster is not chasing feet, however, the disaster is spending the rest of your life in a wheelchair with a broken neck. My advice to young football players is: Think about it. Follow the rules and play safely so you can live to enjoy the game of life.

FRANK W. GORDON
President
Riddell, Inc.
Bensenville, Ill.

• The pious readers Patterson and Gordon make are very well taken, but printing what the subject of an article says, or describing his method of play, doesn't mean that we condone, much less glorify, it. Moreover, it should be noted that Hayes's technique, however dangerous and deplorable, is not forbidden under NFL rules, which make it illegal for a player to "use the crown or top of his helmet unnecessarily" or to "butt, spear or ram an

opponent" who is in a defenseless position, such as standing still, or on the way down or already on the ground. NCAA rules, on the other hand, state "No player shall deliberately use his helmet to butt or ram an opponent. . . . There shall be no spearing. . . . No player shall intentionally strike a runner with the crown or the top of his helmet."—ED

THE ANGE CASE

Sir,

The story of Danny Ange (*The Courtship of Danny Ange*, Oct. 12) is a sad one, sad because here is a young man who had committed himself to playing baseball but apparently isn't willing to work in his chosen profession in order to make himself a better player. He has played the equivalent of two full seasons in the majors without the benefit of spring training or winter-league baseball, and still he expects to go out on the field and be successful. When he isn't successful he considers his career in baseball a failure and wants to pack it in, to move on to supposedly greener pastures in the NBA.

Many of today's successful baseball players have had to put in long hours of hard work and play in the winter leagues to improve their skills. It's necessary in baseball, only a rare few make it on raw talent alone. In my opinion, Ange is an example of a spoiled athlete who wants everything handed to him.

PAUL SMACCHIETTI
Pittsfield, Mass.

Sir,

In spite of the scathing criticism Danny Ange has received for wanting to change jobs, it appears to me that his crime is having an alternative to baseball. Heaven knows there are hundreds of promising athletes who don't quite measure up to expectations. If one of them ever offered to return his bonus money, I've never heard about it. I can't help but think how Toronto would have jumped at his offer if the only other things Ange could do in life involved mental labor.

Ange can live just fine for three years without baseball on what Toronto will be paying him, but what will the Blue Jays have to show for it? The biggest losers will be those of us who have marveled at Ange's basketball talents for the last four years and would like to go on enjoying them.

MIKE SPACKMAN
Orem, Utah

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

"Puerto Rican white rum makes the best screwdriver."



"Better than gin. Better than vodka. That's why so many people are switching to our Puerto Rican white rum."

Luis Soto, film director and his wife, Laura Mola, lawyer

It's happening in beach houses, penthouses, ski houses and town houses. Everywhere you look, white rum from Puerto Rico is being used instead of gin or vodka. In screwdrivers, Bloody Marys, mixed with tonic, soda or on the rocks.

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21 and nicotine are not covered. FTC Report Mar 21